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THE decision taken by the Fascist Grand Council on Tuesday looks like a mortal blow to the League of Nations. Italy demands a radical reform of the constitution, the aims and the procedure of the League; failing that, she will follow the example of Japan and of Germany and shake the dust of Geneva off her feet. This ultimatum, as it is called, was not unexpected; it was indeed foreshadowed in a scathing speech by Signor Mussolini some three weeks ago. What is the "radical reform" he wants? Principally, that the League shall cease to be the guardian of the Peace Treaties, and that the minor Powers shall be eliminated, or at any rate reduced to a subordinate position. These demands are acclaimed in many quarters as realism and common sense, and so they may be. But their acceptance would obviously put the last nail in the coffin of the League as we know it.

Mussolini's Aims

Whether the League as we know it is worth preserving may be open to doubt. Handicapped from the start by the absence of Russia and the United States, it has been further weakened by the withdrawal of Japan and Germany and the indifference of Italy, whilst among those who still profess loyalty to the Covenant there is little agreement and no power to implement any practical policy. The League is impotent to-day to carry out its prime function of preventing war—or even to check open preparations for war. There is obviously a need for a better League, as Baron von Neurath has put it. But would the Italian proposals produce a better League? Mussolini's ideal is apparently a concert of the Great Powers—France, Italy, Germany, Great Britain, Russia, the U.S.A. and Japan. If all these were of one mind, they could clearly dominate the world, and they might revise the Peace Treaties, though they would meet some resistance in the process. But what prospect of agreement is there among the Big Seven? We do not believe that either the Russians or the Americans would be parties to such a combination. And we expect the strongest opposition from France, as well as from the minor Powers, to the demands of the Fascist Grand Council. If they, on their side, and Mussolini, on his, are intransigent, the League is dead. It will be reborn when nations and their Governments believe in internationalism and peace.

The Reaction in Spain

The second ballots in Spain have gone pretty much as was expected. The parties of the Right have won a handsome, though not a decisive, victory. They hold, according to the official returns, a total of 207 seats in the new Cortes; the Centre parties have 167, and the Left 99. (In the last Parliament the figures were 42, 136 and

291 respectively.) The position is thus uncertain. The reactionaries are not strong enough to form a government by themselves; but they might, on certain conditions, get a considerable measure of support from the Centre. The chief planks of their programme were the restoration of the privileges of the religious orders, an agricultural policy which would in effect upset the Azaña land reforms, and an amnesty which would permit the return to Spain of their exiled friends. On the question of Republicanism, which is supremely important to the Centre as well as to the Left, the two largest groups of the Right—the Agrarians and Accion Popular—have not yet shown their hand clearly. In any event, there are difficult times ahead for the Government, whatever it may be. For the moment, the country in general appears to be tolerably quiet, though the police are busy, and the workers in Barcelona and certain other strongholds of the Anarchists and Syndicalists are in a state of ferment.

Purely Hypothetical

Bitter experience seems at length to have taught the British Government the unwisdom of getting into a fight or an argument with an Irishman, especially when the Irishman (if we may ourselves be Irish for the moment) is half a Spaniard. Mr. De Valera scored in each of his earlier bouts with Mr. Thomas. Southern Irishmen have not the British reverence for the Treaty of 1921; most of them consider that it was signed under duress, and almost all of them would prefer economic hardship to giving way to an English threat. Therefore, it was not surprising that Mr. De Valera should see a chance to score again when Mr. Thomas talked on November 14th about the impossibility of an "in-and-out position" in the Commonwealth, and about the disadvantages citizens of the Free State would suffer if they ceased to be also citizens of the Empire. Mr. De Valera very naturally replied with an astutely worded note, pointing out that Ireland had never been a willing partner and would now like to know whether Mr. Thomas's words meant that he might proclaim a Republic without Great Britain using force to prevent withdrawal from the British Commonwealth. According to pattern, Mr. Thomas ought to have made a speech which would have ensured another electoral victory for Mr. De Valera, and have perhaps led to a conference in which he could have started an argument about the ambiguous words of the Statute of Westminster and advanced a step farther towards a Republic. But the British Government had at length learnt caution; the question, Mr. Thomas said, was purely hypothetical; he hoped it would never arise. Quite so. But then why did Mr. Thomas himself raise this hypothetical question on November 14th?

Go, and God Bless You

Colonel Wedgwood asked why the Government did not simply reply, "Go, and God bless you!" That would certainly represent the weight of popular feeling in this country. But the Government might very fairly reply that they cannot in any case bless a proposition which is not clearly made. For Mr. De Valera has never favoured a Republic for Southern Ireland without Ulster and he cannot imagine that there is any early possibility of persuading or coercing the Six Counties into Republicanism. He is himself an elected (and banned) member of the Ulster Parliament; but, even apart from the question of British influence, he represents minority, not majority, opinion in the Six Counties. There remains, of course, the possibility of some new status for Southern Ireland in the Commonwealth—the "in-and-out" position which Mr. De Valera has always favoured. The illogicality of such a position should not trouble any student of the British Constitution. Mr. De Valera may yet ask Mr. Thomas's opinion about the attitude of this country towards a Republican Southern Ireland which acknowledges itself a member of the British Commonwealth and recognises the King as its head!

Roosevelt Carries On

With popular attention directed for the moment to the end of prohibition, the past week has been one of comparative quiet on the American economic front. President Roosevelt has not allowed himself to be terrorised by the loud roarings (or are they brayings?) of the financially orthodox and their "big business" supporters, but has calmly pursued his policy of handing out largesse to the farmers, upon whom he is well aware that his continued hold over Congress depends. The cotton growers in the Southern States were, perhaps naturally, the first to feel the effects of his bounty; but now the refreshing rain of the Agricultural Adjustment Act is beginning to drop on the West and Middle West as well, and the plans for the lightening of farm mortgage burdens are advancing fast. The N.R.A. is still in difficulties, and the American Federation of Labour is clearly getting more restive as its hopes of higher wages and more employment contract, while its fears of inflation and high cost of living increase. But President Roosevelt does not seem to be dismayed. He has gone on quietly buying gold, and forcing the dollar down, albeit more cautiously than before; and there is no sign that his policy has undergone any fundamental change. He has even begun, on a small scale, to prosecute firms for violation of his codes, and has had his first encounter with the courts over a decision that his powers are limited to inter-State commerce, and do not extend to the regulation of purely local industries.

Ottawa and British Farming

Mr. Elliot, having set his hand to the task of reorganising British agriculture, finds two outstanding difficulties in his way—the British farmers and the Ottawa Agreements. For the British farmer, though he has shown himself embarrassingly ready to increase his output in return for an assured price, has so far not been delivering the sorts or qualities of products that the British housewife wants. The Minister of Agriculture, pugnaciously determined to teach the farmer his business, now announces that he proposes in the near future to arm himself with fresh coercive powers to control the quality of output far beyond the powers he has under the existing Marketing Acts. Meanwhile, the housewife is bluntly told that she must put up with the nasty stuff the farmer sells her, till the Minister has had time to teach him a lesson. The trouble over Ottawa is even more serious. Mr. Elliot is evidently alarmed at the cheap imports which the Dominions are able to send into this country under the Ottawa Agreements; he announces that, as soon as the present arrangements expire, there are going to be fresh quantitative restrictions on Dominion supplies of meat,

One of his henchmen, on the same day, threatened further restrictions on Empire butter, the cheapness of which he regarded as meaning ruin for the Milk Marketing Scheme. There is trouble brewing with the Dominions—trouble especially for Conservatives who want to protect the English farmer and to be good Imperialists at the same time. For the Dominions are ready enough to exclude our manufactures in the interests of their own industrialists, but they are not likely to take it kindly when we reciprocate with a strongly exclusive policy in the interests of our farmers.

Coal and Chaos

The Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission has now made a minatory noise at the colliery owners in West Yorkshire, on whom it announces its intention of imposing a reorganisation scheme unless the owners can within a month agree on a scheme among themselves. It threatens the same action in Nottinghamshire, and one or two other coalfields, where the owners are given three months, instead of one, to make their own proposals. But let no one suppose that this really means that a thorough plan of colliery reorganisation is well on the way. Far from it. Even in the very small coalfields in which the Commission ordered the owners to produce plans of amalgamation, and threatened to amalgamate the collieries itself in the absence of action by the owners, matters are still hanging fire. And now these schemes for the larger coalfields are not schemes of district amalgamation at all, but merely proposals for closer joint working among colliery concerns which are to be allowed to retain their independent identity and finance. Only a few small pits are to be merged with larger concerns; the rest are simply to form joint selling arrangements to supplement the provisions of the Coal Mines Act. In West Yorkshire at any rate there is a majority of owners in favour of a scheme already in draft; and the Commission is proposing only to compel the minority to come into line.

Cotton Control

The employers in the cotton trade are standing on their dignity. It is out of the question, they say, for them even to discuss a Cotton Control Scheme drafted by the Trade Unions. If there is to be a control scheme, they will draft it themselves, and not on any account receive it at the hands of the workers. This attitude would be more rational if the cotton employers had not been talking about control schemes for at least a dozen years, without ever getting to the point of agreeing upon a draft, or even on the principles on which a draft could be based. The Trade Unions finally tired of this delay, and, above all, of the continual breach and evasion of wage-agreements that has been going on in the industry for years past. They accordingly got the Trades Union Congress to draft a control scheme, which includes the licensing of all firms and the compulsory enforcement of minimum rates and conditions, as well as the collective control of output and marketing. The Unions then asked the employers to meet them to discuss the draft; and this is the invitation that has now been refused. The employers are, however, actually pressing for yet more wage-reductions in the weaving branch of the industry, though they can give no effective assurances that any agreements arrived at will be observed. Everyone really knows that the cotton trade needs thorough reorganisation, and that there is no chance of getting it except by means of compulsion. Yet the employers, confident that the Government will do nothing, are still dithering, and will neither discuss the scheme proposed by the Trade Unions nor put forward any alternative of their own.

German Refugee Assistance Fund

The Committee in charge of the organisation set up by the League to deal with the problem of German refugees is holding its first meetings at Lausanne. The High Commissioner estimated the number of refugees as 60,000, of whom more than half are in immediate need. Even if this figure is accepted—and we believe it would be easy to show that it is an underestimate—the need is clearly large and urgent. The High Commissioner's function is not to distribute relief, but to direct and co-ordinate the distribution of money which must mainly come from private organisations. These organisations require far more support. The system of relief in Paris is at the moment nearing a breakdown; only 4,000 are now receiving assistance, while the Sûreté Générale gives the number of refugees without independent means in France as 10,000. In this country the German Refugee Assistance Fund has been formed out of the five affiliated committees (the Academic Assistance Committee, the International Student Service, the Refugee Professionals Committee, the German Emergency Committee of the Society of Friends, and the Save the Children Fund German Appeal Committee). All those interested or willing to help in any way should communicate with the General Secretary, 232 Abbey House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

The "Big Air Force" Scare

Hardened students of propaganda will find a good deal of cynical amusement in the armament press nowadays. The *Daily Mail*, which once wanted us to roll France "in mud and blood" and which has boosted Nazi Germany as an example to the world, is now urging a defensive alliance with France and a great rearmament programme for this country. The demand for an air fleet of 3,000 to 4,000 war machines with which the campaign began has risen steeply until 5,000 is considered insufficient, and we are told by Lord Rothermere, who seemed at first to favour this huge air programme because of the danger of German air development, that the true solution is an expansion of Germany towards the East. This, he tells us, would have the happy result of ending the Polish-German conflict, and giving Germans an outlet in "civilising" Russia! (He also explained, in passing, that Australia should have 1,500 war planes; she should take the advice of "her great war minister, Mr. Hughes" when he says that Australia should "be supreme in the air"!) All this stuff is to be expected from Lord Rothermere. It becomes more serious when we find Mr. Garvin also urging in the *Observer* that

> We need another thousand fighting planes. That is the new "irreducible minimum." No level thinker can deny it. . . . The prospect of reducing income-tax necessarily disappears. The body of payers will grimly agree. The better insurance of national existence has to be paid for. . . .

And so on—just as if we had never had a Big Navy competition before the last war!

THE UNEMPLOYMENT BILL UNDER FIRE

THE second reading of the Unemployment Bill was carried on Wednesday by a majority of 435 to 81. During the three days' debate the Government's scheme was riddled with criticism, a great deal of which came from their own side of the House. The Labour Party's official amendment, based on the principle of "work or maintenance," could not, of course, be taken seriously. That does not mean the principle is bad in itself—only that with a Conservative Government in power and the national finances being what they are the Labour demand smacks of Utopia. But the attack on the details of the Bill was quite another matter. It is idle for the spokesmen of the Government to claim that the system of dealing with unemployment in this country is the best in the world. Even if that is true, it is no ground for complacency; the system ought to be better still. And within the framework of practical possibilities and the limited vision of the normal Tory, this is a far worse Bill than it need have been.

Part I deals with the insurance scheme, and the Government are inordinately proud of having at last placed this on a sound footing, and of enlarging its scope by the lowering of the entry age to fourteen and the extension of the benefit period for persons with a good contribution record. But these advantages are heavily offset. In the first place, the reductions in standard benefit that were imposed in 1931 are retained. Those reductions were supposed to be—were deliberately stated to be—temporary, and Major Nathan voiced the disgust of many when he said: "I was one of those who voted for the cuts in unemployment pay, but I did it on the specific understanding, an understanding about which there could be no mistake, that they were for the emergency only." They are now, it seems, to be regarded as permanent, unless in the unlikely event of the Statutory Committee recommending, and the Government approving, a more generous policy. The present rates are inadequate and will become more so, as prices rise. A man with a wife and three dependent children draws in benefit 29*s.* 3*d.* a week, which is 6*s.* 8½*d.* more than the B.M.A. committee of experts has told us is the bare minimum required to provide food for a family of five. Either, then, there will be undernourishment, or the miracle will have to be performed of making 6*s.* 8½*d.* cover rent, fuel, clothing and other necessaries.

But this is not all. There is a second feature in the "reformed" scheme, which is positively staggering in its inequity and its meanness. In the bad old days before the National Government took it in hand, the Insurance Fund had borrowed heavily from the Treasury, and this debt, amounting to £115,000,000, plus interest at 3½ per cent., it is now required to repay, in a series of instalments spread over forty years. That in plain English means a direct charge of £5,500,000 on industry, and on the contributions of every insured worker, for a generation and more. "It is equivalent," as someone said in the debate, "to asking the unemployed of the future to pay back the money which the unemployed of the past received." And with such a burden on the Fund, the improbability, to which we have referred, of the Statutory Committee recommending any lowering of contributions or raising of benefit, becomes more improbable still. It was left for Mr. Neville Chamberlain to add insult to injury in defending this scandal. He sneered at those who complained of such a tax on "workers yet unborn." That was a "soapbox way" of putting it, he said. If the debt is to be put on the Exchequer instead of on the Fund, would not workers yet unborn still have to pay it? Any tyro in economics who has spent two minutes studying the incidence of taxation can answer that quibble.

The second half of the Bill is more revolutionary. Its outstanding achievement is the transfer of the able-bodied unemployed, who are not entitled to insurance benefit, from the local authorities to a national authority. That in itself is a sound reform, and we have no sympathy with those, whether on the Government or on the Labour side, who hanker after the Public Assistance Committees. We do, however, sympathise with the local authorities, who are to be another victim of the voracious Mr. Chamberlain. The contributions which they are asked to pay to the Exchequer seem to us inequitable and ill-advised, besides being in conflict with the pledge given last spring by the Minister of Health, that the State would accept financial responsibility for all the able-bodied unemployed in need of assistance. But, apart from this, the Government have botched their scheme. It could and should have been operated through the Ministry of Labour and the Employment Exchanges. Instead, a new body, the Unemployment Assistance Board, is established, with its own local officials and a large measure of freedom from control by the central State and Parliament. Its defenders maintain that the control will be sufficient and that the Board and its officers will be expected, and can be trusted, to pursue a fairer and a more liberal policy in their treatment of the unemployed than the local authorities have pursued. We hope for the best, and we are certainly not prepared to join with those critics who damn the Unemployment Assistance Board merely because it is bureaucracy. The real trouble here is not the bureaucrats, but the technique which the politicians have imposed on them.

Mr. Hudson, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Labour, vigorously denied the charge that the whole scheme was a glorified Poor Law. But what about the means test, which is one of the chief abominations of the Poor Law, and which the new Board will be compelled to take over from the Public Assistance Committees? It is idle for Conservatives to pretend, as some of them did in the debate, that the working classes do not object to the means test. It may be true that they do not object to *a* means test—indeed, we think that a great majority is in favour of a form of inquiry designed to prevent fraud or the receipt of relief by people who do not need it. But the present means test, with all its anomalies, injustices and indignities, is universally execrated. And the present means test is to be the future means test. Even if it is softened a little, it will still retain its cardinal vice—the assessment of the household's, and not the individual's, resources. This is wrong in principle, and in practice it leads, as has been abundantly shown, to deplorable results. It is perfectly possible to devise a form of inquiry (it has already been done in the case of Old Age Pensions) which would protect the State without outraging the unemployed. By refusing that, the Government have done their best to spoil the Bill.

Nor have they taken the whole of the able-bodied out of the Poor Law. Apart from arrangements which the Board may make for the relegation of "bad cases" to the Public Assistance Committees and for the use of workhouses and so on, there is a great host of people who are excluded from the Bill and forced therefore, in case of need, to go to the local authority. This host, according to an estimate given in the House on Monday (and not contradicted), comes to a total of something like 4,000,000, of whom a substantial proportion will be, as they are now, Poor Law cases. Some at least of these could have been rescued, at little or no extra expense, had the Government chosen to make their scheme a trifle wider.

The Bill now passes to Committee, where we trust it will be improved at one point and another. But its main lines, good and bad, will stand; and it will go on to the Statute Book as an experiment which the timidity and prejudices of its authors have prevented from being a big experiment. Mr. Hudson acclaims it as an addition of "one more storey to the edifice which this country provides for the recognition of its debt towards the less fortunate of its citizens." That sounds well; but what if the less fortunate citizens do not like the view from their new top floor? Well, the housebreakers are round the corner, and architects with plans for a different edifice.

NAZI ECONOMICS

[The author of the following article is an economist of international reputation. We believe this is the first attempt to give a comprehensive survey of Nazi economic policy. Incidentally, it supplies an answer to the question: How far can Germany be autarchie?—ED., *N. S. & N.]*

THE Duce is never tired of telling the world that Fascism had no economic programme when coming into power. In this way, as in others, German National Socialism differs from its famous prototype completely. It has had a programme for many years, which comprised in its twenty-five points everything dear to the heart of the Nazi reformer.* On its economic side it is a Socialistic programme, though not of the dogmatic kind its hated Marxian rival produced. It is emotional rather than doctrinal. It starts from the tribal conception of a nation composed of men and women joined to each other by the mystical, sacred ties of the blood. It disregards individual reason and individual conscience as basic elements of the social foundation. Its fundamental spiritual notions are Communistic, but not in the logical Moscow way; they are rather like the Group movement's views of "sharing." It is anti-capitalist in so far as it objects to a profit economy. But, by way of contradiction, it is favourable to private property owned by small farmers, millowners and shopkeepers. It hates large estates run on a commercial basis as well as monopolistic industries. It advocates the nationalisation of all trusts and profit sharing in large concerns. It loathes most of all department stores, the successful rivals of the small shopkeeper—apart from the fact that many of them are owned by Jews. It distrusts the banks, who control the stream of liquid capital and lend money at interest. In a general way it objects to interest, though it is willing to distinguish between loans for productive purposes and loans which do not serve these ends. It wants to eliminate income which is obtained without labour and has announced its intention of breaking "interest slavery."

The population problem and the Jews

Notwithstanding an unheard-of industrial development, which brought emigration to a standstill, there was a curious restlessness in Germany before the war. Whilst conquering the markets of the world and developing a colonial empire by no means unprofitable, Germany felt stifled and cramped; she seemed to experience a queer feeling of envy and frustration. It was one of the mainsprings of the pan-German movement. The loss of rich provinces and of her colonies, the burden of reparations and the feeling of inequality, have greatly strengthened this spirit. Germany is a fairly thickly peopled country; there are 361 persons to the square mile against 505 in England. This pressure is slowly diminishing, for there is a considerable decline in the excess of births over deaths, which Nazi counter-measures will scarcely stop. (The Nazi Government has now set on foot a campaign for "at least four children in every family.") The conviction that Germany is hemmed in economically, that the German people have not enough space to expand ("Volk ohne Raum") has been steadily gaining strength. The demand for more land is the chief plank of the Nazi programme. "We demand land and soil for the nutrition of our people and for the settlement of our surplus population." The leader does not believe in overseas expansion, but aspires to a union with all Germans living under foreign domination in the countries neighbouring Germany. Their annexation would not solve the problem of narrow spaces, for countries like Switzerland, Austria and Czechoslovakia are pretty densely populated. More land for Germany could be gained only if the non-Germans in the annexed territories could be expelled ultimately. They might be allowed to stay provisionally as "guests," and, as the Nazi conception of hospitality implies, be kicked out whenever their places are needed. "If it is not possible to feed the entire population," says the programme, "the subjects of foreign States must be expelled from the Reich." The Jews are such "foreign guests." They were not only kicked out of places of political prominence; they were, wherever possible, evicted from all well-paid posts of business management and from any job, high or low, which could be filled by a Nazi. The "spoils system" was systematically applied to private business concerns. This expulsion of successful competitors and the prevention of the rise of future efficient competitors has been the most important piece of economic legislation carried so far. Property had to be transferred or to be put under Nazi control. A very heavy blow has been dealt to the capitalist system by this arbitrary sectional confiscation. The Law Courts were clearly reminded that their business was not to protect individuals' rights but to safeguard the interests of the German people, as seen by Nazi eyes. The men responsible for the economic policy of Germany have tried hard to stop the spreading of this system of wholesale spoliation. They have succeeded in many cases and secured the retention of capable men whom they considered indispensable. They have been unable to make a stand against the principle as such.

A Sound Money Policy

Apart from this elimination of the Jew—and every Gentile who has one Jewish grandparent is considered a Jew—the Nazi government has not yet wrought any fundamental changes in German economic life. It has reorganised the political system of the country completely, and fundamentally altered its cultural life, including the Protestant churches—it has scarcely yet entered the economic field. The pivotal economic departments have never been in real Nazi hands. The "Leader" has probably no very clear-cut views on economics apart from his emotional Socialism. He has left the administration of economics to such highly trained specialists as Krosigk or Schacht. And he has taken the advice of the business friends who helped to finance the movement, and has strongly set his face against direct Socialist actions which some of the younger and keener party men indulged in. The future alone can tell whether his loudly voiced objections to a "second (anti-capitalist) revolution" are due to temporising or to newly acquired convictions.

The appointment of Dr. Schacht as head of the Reichsbank

* An English version of this Programme is given in the Appendix to Prof. Calvin B. Hoover's *Germany Enters the Third Reich.*

was a guarantee for a sound money policy. The word "inflation" spelled terror to the German masses, especially to those on whom the Nazis relied. It was not unattractive to indebted landowners and industrialists. But America's repudiation of the gold standard eased their burden by 40 per cent. And the position was further improved by a compulsory moratorium imposed on all foreign creditors. The fanciful money theories of Herr Feder (now Secretary of State in the Ministry of Economics) will not be put to the test as long as Dr. Schacht has the situation in hand. The law enabling the Reichsbank to buy long-term securities in the open market, and to treat them as note-cover, may be used for giving some German securities the semblance of being gilt-edged, but will not lead to an unlimited note-issue under the present management. Whilst to-day's sight-liabilities of the Reichsbank of nearly two hundred million £ (gold) are about the same as those of November, 1932, securities serving as note-cover come to only ten millions. There is, moreover, no immediate danger from the budgetary point of view; in recent years expenditure has been cut down vigorously. The deficit is not disquieting. The administrative reform, reducing the status of the States and of the municipalities, will make for increased economy. And the funding of the floating debt created by anticipating revenue will be easy when credit recovers. But nobody knows the strain put on income and capital by the various "voluntary contributions." Racketeering, as our American cousins would call it, has been organised with thorough German efficiency for the benefit of the poor and the Party. There are at least six sorts of quasi-compulsory "voluntary" taxes, amongst them the "Adolf Hitler Spende" collected from employers on the basis of one-half per cent. of the wages and salaries paid during 1932. There has been quite a considerable extension of financing public works from loans mobilised by the Reichsbank. It has not yet assumed dangerous proportions. It has helped to decrease unemployment. But it is doubtful whether the burden of racketeering does not more than offset these alleviations.

The Land

The greatest change so far has been in agriculture, though here, too, it is more a change in aspirations than in achievements. There have been no confiscations of big estates, but the hopes with which the feudal landlord greeted the advent of Hitler are sure to be disappointed. The State will not buy bankrupt estates at inflated prices. The real beneficiary of the Nazi regime is to be the small and medium farmer. He is not supposed to go in mainly for commercial agriculture in future; he is to be a kind of self-supporting agriculturist, who sells the surplus of his farm produce in return for the comparatively few industrial commodities he may need. All agricultural debtors, large and small, had their debts—nearly £600,000,000 (gold)—eased in various ways. Interest has already been cut down by £20,000,000 and will be cut down farther. Capital charges will be reduced. The independent farmer will not be allowed to get into debt in future; he cannot divide his holding, nor encumber it with mortgages for his co-heirs, nor borrow money for improvements. Farmers were able to get very cheap help last summer, for in many districts the unemployed were commandeered to work as harvesters; but they may have to feed them all the winter. Agricultural prices will be protected by very high tariffs; whilst protection formerly favoured mainly the grain growers (the large estates), the turn of the small farmer has now come. Butter and eggs are protected and prices are kept high. Farmers and farming—but the farmer not depending on the market—are "glorified" just as in the early days of the anti-feudal Liberals. By and by some of the big estates are supposed to disappear, as owners are allowed to redeem their debts or to pay their voluntary contributions by offering land. Vacant lands will be used for closer settlement. Labour camps may furnish the workers with improvements very cheaply. Ultimately, millions of new farmers will live on the land; a reflux from industrial employment is expected to take place. A hearty race of self-sufficient farmers will arise, absorbing the unemployed and providing room for fast-growing numbers. They will give Germany the men she may need when facing a hostile world, and they will enable her to grow sufficient food to make her independent of foreign imports. Germany has become self-supporting as far as cereals for human consumption are concerned. Efforts with milk and fats may be successful, but foreign fodder cannot yet be dispensed with. A better distribution of land, a better technique on the part of the small farmer, a diminished industrial population, and a reduced standard of living may ultimately enable the Nazis to make Germany agriculturally self-sufficient when crops are fairly good.

Industry

The structure of German industry has not yet been greatly tampered with. Capitalism, as a fairly free competitive system of doing business, had gone long ago. The pivotal industries had become thoroughly cartelised. During the prosperity era many concerns had expanded their plants far beyond possible demands. They had done so with borrowed money. When markets contracted under the influence of the crisis State intervention for banks and borrowers became inevitable. The Government had to take shares in many enterprises and subsidise others. There has been some improvement in this direction. Important concerns are being reorganised; the compulsory reduction of interest has eased the position. The industrialists high up in the Nazi councils do not favour nationalisation of industrial concerns, though some of them rather fancy the nationalisation of banks, from which they expect cheap money.

The general improvement in world economics is reflected in Germany. Business is a little brisker. The index of production has been rising quite considerably since last year. The home market has been expanding under the influence of Government expenditure and public works. A substantial remission of taxes, amongst others freedom from income-tax for money spent on replacement of industrial plants, has stimulated capital investments. Fifty million £ (gold) loans and twenty-five million £ grants are set aside for building purposes and other kinds of improvement. Foreign trade, though considerably below the yearly monthly average for 1932, is picking up. As Germany has not depreciated her currency she had to find other means of cutting costs in order to retain foreign markets. By keeping back part of the moneys due to foreign creditors as scrips which are depreciated abroad, but can be accepted at par value in Germany when used for paying for additional exports, she has devised a new and efficient method of dumping. But a part of these improved exports is capital exports, used either for paying debts or for transferring capital abroad. No large-scale revival of trade is yet in view. The values of industrial shares remain low, though they have lately recovered not so much because a real trade revival is in sight, or a spurious revival in the shape of a coming inflation is expected, as on account of the open market operations of the Reichsbank.

The demand for producers' goods is increasing, but not for consumers' goods. The turnover of department stores in October has fallen about twenty per cent. below the standard of the same month last year. And though this decline is partly due to Nazi hostility there is no compensating improvement in the sales of individual retail shops.

Unemployment has decreased when compared with the worst figures of last winter. A few more people are employed; the numbers on the dole in September, 1933, were about 3.2 millions, against 3.5 millions in September, 1932. When the labour camps (350,000), the brown army, the concentration camps and the various compulsory devices for spreading work are taken into account, these results are not overwhelming.

Trade Unionism as an element of labour cost has not been

destroyed, though Unions are subject to Nazi control. Wages are not reduced any longer, for they constitute purchasing power, and the wage-earners form such a big portion of the German people that the Nazis are trying to conciliate them somehow. Change of personnel and transfer of business have scarcely increased the efficiency of the management. Though in many cases new owners bought in cheaply the properties which the old owners were forced to sell below par, a real upward movement has not started. A regime which needs the masses, and which keeps them on the go all the time, may rightly have every confidence in its own duration and even impress other people with that conviction. It will scarcely inspire business confidence as long as business considerations are of secondary importance to it. It may have no detailed nationalisation programme, for that would be imitating the despised old "system." It does not favour wealth and "unearned" income.

Tribal Autarchy

For the time being the capitalist supporters of Nazism are in control. They may be able to hold on, that is, if they can bring about some sort of widespread economic contentment. To do this, foreign political complications of a serious nature must be avoided. And the profits derived from any substantial recovery must go to the masses, rather than to the shareholders. Socialism of some sort is in the people's blood. It is not likely that Nazism has converted Socialists and Communists into upholders of the capitalist system; nor has political victory turned the bulk of its followers into prosperous capitalists.

Foreign trade, moreover, is likely to shrink. The tribal conception of the State must lead the Nazis to a policy of self-sufficiency. There are many commodities which Germany cannot produce as yet; but many of them she can do without. The Teutonic tribes managed to live without coffee, oranges, tea and cottons. A movement looking backwards for its social ideals and expecting their fulfilment from a stationary "vocational" social order can easily reduce standards of living by an appeal to ancient virtues. Such foreign raw materials as Germany needs for industrial production—copper, iron ores, tin, rubber—she may have to import for a long time to come, for science does not invent workable substitutes quickly. As long as there is a glut in these goods in the world markets Germany will have no difficulty in getting them, if need be, on credit. If her exports cannot pay for them her imports will undoubtedly in the long run shrink considerably. Many of her industries depend on world markets for thirty or more per cent. of their output. They will have to be reshuffled. It will not be easy to transform a blast furnace into a textile mill making overalls for the small farmers. A great deal of the existing physical capital must be lost; the labour force will have to be shunted. Piece-meal nationalisation will creep in. Even if the control of labour by the Government were not part of the Nazi programme the shunting of trades would make it inevitable. The result of all this will be a continued economic strain on the German people. Private fortunes are bound to diminish; even without confiscation they will be eaten up in the process of reorganisation, either by way of taxation or by some sort of depreciation. Labour will have to be settled on the land. The human factor in production will become more important than machinery—even now the use of machinery has been forbidden in certain trades. There will be a great assimilation of incomes and standards. Unity, so loudly proclaimed from the house-tops of Nazi Germany to-day, will become uniformity. There will be a standardisation on a much larger scale than the loathed standardisation in the U.S.A. There will be order, and there will be efficiency, but on a comparatively low plane. There may be a kind of barrack-room Socialism. There may be no discontent for a time, for there will be no standards of comparison. The older generation, which has known better days, will die out; the younger generation will be told that their way of living is the ideal way. After Germany has turned back on the road to economic progress she will develop that contempt for progress which the primitives have entertained at all times. It ultimately means isolation, and as this isolation has been spiritually well prepared—for the cultural ideal of the Nazis is self-sufficient tribal isolation—economic isolation may ultimately succeed.

A LONDON DIARY

A MAN has been executed in Lahore Central Gaol, although orders postponing execution had been issued on the previous day. Whatever the results of the inquiry into this incident, it does seem to provide a terrible reinforcement of the strongest argument against capital punishment. Death is an irrevocable punishment and justice is not infallible.

* * *

I was greatly impressed last Saturday by the new method of giving the news adopted by the B.B.C. This method, which attempts to make news items more interesting and perhaps instructive than bare announcement, has been going on for some time on Saturdays. The best items were a description of the French Chamber from Paris and a double-headed argument on increasing our Air Forces. The description of the Chamber was apropos of M. Chautemps' début as Prime Minister. It was extremely well done and gave one a vivid picture of the procedure in the Chamber; it also raised some interesting questions as to the relative merits of the great formality of the House of Commons and of the extreme informality of the French Chamber of Deputies. The Air Force announcement was a still more brilliant performance. We were introduced to a civil servant, Mr. X, who proceeded to summarise for us or presumably for the Cabinet the various arguments for and against an immediate increase in our air forces. Mr. X seemed to me the ideal civil servant; he never gave us an argument for without immediately producing an exactly equal and equally convincing argument against. When he began, I felt it to be impossible that he should not weight the case on one side or the other and certain that he would weight it against mine; the blood began to rise to my brain and a feeling of indignation made itself apparent in the pit of my stomach. But after two minutes the heat subsided. The man was completely impartial. I could not have believed unless I had heard it that such a completely balanced summing up could issue from a single mouth. If I were a dictator I should make Mr. X Lord Chief Justice to-morrow (after suitably disposing of the present incumbent by raising him to a Dukedom). Clearly there are great possibilities in this method of presenting news and the B.B.C. is to be congratulated on its experiment. It is not suitable for everyday use, but once a week or so it is admirable.

* * *

A discussion about whether the stained-glass windows sold to William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper emperor, are the original windows from Fécamp, or copies, started one of my friends off on a very odd series of memories. "I was staying at Hollywood," he explained, "when a mysterious voice bade me go out to Hearst's 300,000 acre ranch at San Luis Obispo for an indefinite time. When I got to the railway station I was not allowed to buy my own ticket; a compartment had been reserved for me by Hearst's Los Angeles newspaper office. I had a villa to myself which was like a corner of Versailles. The ranch includes an aerodrome and a zoo. There are not many facilities for serious conversation for the average guest, and I heard none. Immediately after dinner the guests (about twenty during the week and forty at week-ends) flocked into a private cinema to see the latest films brought from Hollywood by aeroplane. I did not meet my host until I insisted on being introduced to him on my third morning there. I did not see him again until I insisted on saying good-bye to him about a week later. The hospitality was so impersonal that I feel no disloyalty in giving you

frankly my impression of it, which was shocking. A few days later I travelled across America in a bus, and passed through villages where there had been no banking facilities for months and where conditions were bad. Perhaps this accounts for my impression in retrospect of the Castle of Capitalism, where everything had been gay, innocent, and lavish—with the exception of the paper napkins which made an incongruous appearance on the huge refectory table."

* * *

I have just had a remarkable conversation with a foreign official who has given up a ski-ing holiday (his favourite amusement) to attend the Buchmanite Congress at Eastbourne. He may have become confused in his enthusiasm and I cannot verify his facts, but I repeat them as he gave them to me. What struck me as curious was the importance which he attached to facts which might seem irrelevant to ordinary people. For example, he was much excited over the attendance at Eastbourne of one brigadier-general and two naval commanders; and of Bunny Austin, the tennis player. He told me that Buchmanism is now established in forty-two countries, all of them Christian. In spite of its revivalist tendency it has made progress in Catholic countries, and the Pope, he said, was still "considering his attitude." Buchmanism "is a movement; there is no membership; therefore it is spontaneous." He said frankly that it had no message for the British working-man; it looks only to the upper classes. It is, in fact, not for down-and-outs but for up-and-outs. At this point I suggested that Buchmanism was the rich man's Salvation Army, and I asked whether the confessions of the rich did not often turn out to be on a par with Snobby Price's confession in *Major Barbara*. My acquaintance, who was not very well up in Shaw, went away, eagerly promising to read G. B. S. on Salvationism in the prefaces of *Major Barbara* and *Androcles and the Lion*.

* * *

Prejudice is as common in reviewing as elsewhere, but I think I have never seen the equal of a review of *The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War* in the *Catholic Herald*. The book was edited by Leonard Woolf and the seven contributors were Professor Gilbert Murray, Viscount Cecil, Sir Norman Angell, C. M. Lloyd, Charles Roden Buxton, W. Arnold-Forster, and Professor Laski. The last chapter was by Professor Laski: it argued that war, as we now know it, is the natural result of capitalism. The editor pointed out that this conclusion would not be accepted by several of the other contributors. The *Catholic Herald's* review was headed BOLSHEVIK PROPAGANDA; it said nothing about any of the contributors except Professor Laski, and remarked in black type that, since the book had a Jewish editor, two Jewish contributors (I can only find one) and a Jewish publisher, "*it is not surprising to find that it is just Bolshevik Propaganda.*" From this it follows, *inter alia*, that a Jew and a Bolshevik are about the same thing, and that Lord Cecil and Professor Gilbert Murray (not to mention the others) are engaged in Bolshevik propaganda. Is not this rather a good case for a libel action?

* * *

Apropos of many assurances of a trade revival by captains of industry, a correspondent writes to say that—

> In the past the number of cigars smoked from week to week has been a highly reliable barometer of the nation's prosperity, and, this being so, the fact that the demand for the new La Coronas is now beyond all our expectations will be a useful corroboration of what the industrialists believe and the politicians have hoped was true.

* * *

> The spot proposed for the motor racing track on the South Downs is, in my estimation, a very dreary one, and the project the promoters have in view will rather enhance the amenities of this particular spot than destroy its beauty. Looking at it from a business point of view, there can be no two opinions.—Mr. Frank Gower, chairman, Brighton and Hove Hotels and Restaurant Association, *Times*, December 2nd.

* * *

> This is life! Vice-Admiral W. Munro Kerr, C.B., C.B.E., commanding the Reserve Fleet, addressing the boys of the St. Vincent, at the conclusion of the inter-divisional boxing finals last night, said: "If you are fortunate enough to die while on active service, it provides you with a beautiful funeral, headed by a wonderful band."—Newspaper report.

* * *

> Lastly, think of the many outstandingly successful men of to-day who strengthen my resolution. There is Noel Coward, there are Hitler, Ramon Novarro and even greater men.—Godfrey Winn in *Daily Sketch*.

* * *

> "If there is going to be trouble in connection with war we will do our best to stop them from fighting," he continued. "But if they mean war—let them get on with it. We will build them ships and guns and shells, and I hope and trust that they will blow each other to pieces so that when the war-mongers have finished, the peace-loving people of this country can live in peace and comfort for the rest of their lives."—Mr. Alfred Denville, M.P., reported in *Northumberland Mail*.

* * *

> For once in a considerable while it has been possible to match two heavy-weights whose chief recommendation is not physical enormity or the least freakishness, but the richness of a promise that the face of boxing will not be left distorted either by ineptitude or kicking over the traces.—*Evening Standard*.

* * *

> . . . "I hope you won't think me at all political, but I do think we all ought to support the Government's policy."—Lord Runciman at the annual dinner of the Northumberland Yacht Club.

* * *

> A Baby loves a British toy.—Advt. in *Times*.

* * *

> Our Actors Lack Sex Appeal. Special.—*Evening News* Poster.

CRITIC

INEXPERIENCE

IT is said that some of the Aran Islanders who have come to London to act in a film had never been in a railway-train before their recent journey. There must be something in a fact of this kind that gives us a mildly pleasant shock, for it is always recorded in the newspapers. The neighbour who has not shared our common experiences becomes an object of curiosity to us, like a foreigner. Possibly, our sense of our own greater experience gives us an agreeable feeling of superiority. It was certainly so in childhood. As a small boy, if illnesses were the topic of conversation, I had a distinct feeling of superiority to boys who had not experienced the common ailments, and regarded boys who had been in the doctors' hands for more causes than myself with something like envy. A boy who had not had whooping-cough and measles seemed not to have quite lived. I could boast, in addition to these, of chicken-pox and jaundice, but I could not help feeling that even I had failed to achieve the sum of experience in such matters, having missed mumps and scarlatina.

The feeling that we are inferior in so far as we do not share the common experiences of other people follows us through life. It is only the strongest or the most eccentric characters who can conquer it. "Everybody's doing it," says the song; and what everybody's doing the normal human being longs to do. Till he has done it, he feels that he is outside the circle of human experience. I remember how, when I was too young to be taken to church, I envied everybody older than myself who set out for church in the grave light of Sunday morning in clothes that did honour to Heaven. It was not, I think, that I was a predestined theologian or a child longing to perform the public offices of piety. It was simply that I craved for experience as I looked through the window and saw the more fortunate members of my family disappearing down the street, obviously on an important and happy mission. I looked forward to the time when I should be allowed to go to church as eagerly as I afterwards looked forward to the time when I should be allowed to decide for myself whether I would go to church or not.

I cannot remember whether I had the same feelings about going to school—at least, to my first school. But I did look

forward longingly to the time when I should be translated from a mixed school of boys and girls to a boys' school where men were men. Not that I have any but pleasant memories of the earlier school, but to go to a boys' school seemed like an induction into manhood. In this respect, it was like smoking cigarettes. That explains the origin of most smoking. It is an initiation into the experience of grown men. The child, sitting in a roomful of his elders as they fill the air with a lovely haze of tobacco-smoke, feels that here is an experience from which his years cut him off, something which the years will give him in turn. So entirely did I regard the pipe as a badge of manhood that, if any male visitor to the house did not smoke, I looked at him with perplexity as if he were a kind of grown-up child shut off from the experiences of men. Women, it is clear, took to smoking under much the same impulse. While they felt they were inferior to men, they were content not to share men's experience of tobacco; no sooner, however, did they claim equality with men than they began to smoke to an extent which one who has done his best to break the habit can only deplore.

This craving for experience, which is the making of the wise man, is also the source of half our follies. It is the parent of decadence and Don Juanism. How enviable—at least, how half-enviable—is the man of strong character, like Mr. Shaw, who has no desire to share even the common experiences of smoking or drinking! For myself in early life I not only wanted to drink but I wanted to taste every drink of which I had heard. When I met a man who had drunk absinthe, I used to envy him, but that was before I had drunk absinthe. I loved Château Yquem as Rudel loved the lady of Tripoli, but that was before I tasted it. I care little for cocktails, but, if you offer me a new one, or the old mixture under a new name, I am at once interested. Curiosity led me to drink Asti Spurmante in spite of many warnings. I have drunk strega in Assisi, and, though it was no joke, I swallowed it to the last drop. This, I think, is evidence of the uselessness of pursuing experience for experience's sake; at the present day I am no judge of liquors. I can tell a Burgundy from a Claret, but that is about all, and I feel a stranger among those aesthetes of the bottle who, after a sip from a glass, can give you the date and the vineyard. It may be said that the aesthetes have made good use of their experience, while I have made none of mine. I doubt, however, whether they have gained more than they have lost. They can no longer experience the enjoyment of middling good wine. As the world is made, it is more important to be able to experience the enjoyment of middling good wine than to be able to experience the enjoyment of supremely good wine. I should not say this if I thought, as the aesthetes do, that wine is a thing chiefly to be enjoyed for its own sake, like poetry. To me the company in which one drinks the wine gives at least half its flavour to the wine.

As for the experience of travelling in trains and such things, it seems trivial enough now that we have all had it. To most of us it is little more than the experience a letter goes through in being posted in a pillar-box and afterwards delivered. The Aran Islander pulling his curragh over the uneven sea has a far profounder experience than the commercial traveller who takes a train from London to Manchester. It is possible that all these machines are impoverishing our experience rather than enriching it. Some of the younger poets tell us that poetry must henceforth take account of the modern experience of machinery and factories, and clearly poetry should do so in so far as machines and factories are associated with experiences that are also emotional. But how often does this happen? The vital part of the factory-worker's life, I imagine, is lived outside the factory. It is not in the factory that he played with his companions as a child. It is—probably—not in a factory that he first fell in love. It is not in a factory that he watches his children growing up or sits at his ease among his friends. Love, joy, grief—he experiences these with as little reference to life in the factory as his Elizabethan ancestor. His deepest emotional experiences are very much the same as were the deepest emotional experiences of a man in the Middle Ages. The peasant does not become a different kind of lover because he ploughs with a motor instead of with a horse. He does not mourn for his dead friends in a new way because he no longer threshes corn with a flail. So far as I can see, machinery has added almost nothing to the really important experiences of men and women.

Machinery has undoubtedly given new forms to experience, as in the noble world of adventure, but the spiritual experiences are of the old kind. The men who flew over Everest are of the same imaginative mould as the old voyagers, and the modern Columbus sets out in a balloon. But the ordinary man's life is not changed by a flight in an aeroplane from London to Paris. His affections and passions—the only supremely important experiences—are not specifically twentieth-century affections and passions. At the moment when life burns most brightly in him, he is not a modern: he is a man as man has been in all the ages.

Hence, we need not be too sure that the Aran Islander who has never been in a train is fundamentally more inexperienced than the Londoner who travels by train to and from his work every day. It is natural to be curious about modern inventions and to wish to have some experience of them, but an acquaintance with all the inventions in the world will not produce a man of real experience to compare with Socrates, who could not drive a motor car, or with Keats, who never listened-in to a fox-trot on the wireless. Not that I wish to suggest that all men who lived before the twentieth century were men of large and lively spiritual experience. There have been illiterate peasants as well as novel-reading motorists who went through life with a minimum of experience. I merely raise the question whether anything of real importance has been added to your experience and mine by our ability to use the telephone and to travel underground in an electric train. Our responses to these things become as mechanical as the machines themselves. It may well be that the real ages of experience existed before labour-saving devices compelled men to pass so much of their time in experiencing nothing that matters.

Y. Y.

NEWS-REEL

See leader in "Times" of December 5th. The lynching film has now been withdrawn in Great Britain.

NEWS! News! News!
There's a man to be hanged on Tyburn Tree:
From drab to cully the word was passed,
Through the coffee-houses it filtered fast,
And wit and footpad and "cit." and beau
Hustled and jostled to see the show;
The finest show that a man could see
In seventeen hundred and thirty-three;
Yet when the noose was tightened,
There were only some paltry thousands there
To watch the dance that is danced in air
And cheer bravado or mock despair
(For the age was unenlightened).

News! News! News!
Bring your children and watch with me
(While you clasp your fingers and hold your breath),
How a crowd has battered a man to death,
How a racing motorist crashed and died,
And (better, perhaps, than all beside)
How the fruit grows ripe on Judge Lynch's tree;
For in nineteen hundred and thirty-three
An enlightened age is able
To mock the limits of time and space
And carry its horrors from place to place,
Till we measure the progress of the race
By the multiplication table.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE ANTI-HOUSING POLICY

SIR,—Since the public is finding it difficult to know how seriously to take the alleged enthusiasm of the Ministry of Health for the building of working-class houses, the following example of their policy may be sufficiently interesting to deserve attention.

Some months ago (in May last) the Exeter City Council applied to the Minister of Health for sanction to a scheme for the erection of 106 houses of the parlour and three-bedroom type for sale to owner-occupiers by a system of weekly payments over twenty years covering principle and interest. In reply the Minister refused to agree to the erection of these houses, on the ground that adequate accommodation could be provided in a house of the non-parlour three-bedroom type. The Town Clerk thereupon pointed out to the Minister, by letter and by interview, that the 106 houses in question were not subsidy houses, but were to be erected by the City Council without any assistance from the Exchequer or from the rates, and would involve no cost whatever either to the Government or to the City Council since they would be sold at the price which they cost; and, moreover, that it would be unwise for the Council to erect non-parlour houses for sale since those prepared to enter into a house-purchase scheme would undoubtedly require a parlour-type house. He also explained to the Minister that the Council intended to invite tenders at the same time not only for these 106 houses, but for a total of 306 to be erected within the same area, thus obtaining a cheaper price for the houses to be erected under the Council's programme of rehousing under its slum clearance scheme, which meanwhile the Minister's objections were holding up. It may be mentioned that the Town Clerk had, without any request for applications, already received 125 inquiries from persons desirous of purchasing the houses under the scheme. In spite of all this, the Minister responded with a further refusal, maintaining obdurately that he could not agree to the erection of houses of the size proposed. On September 26th the Exeter City Council met to record a strong protest against the action of the Minister and asked him to receive a deputation. The deputation was received towards the end of November, and on December 1st the Town Clerk was informed that the Minister would withdraw his objections. Meanwhile the six months' delay had lost the Council the whole of the summer for building purposes.

What is the explanation of this waste of time, tempers and effort? I am not aware that the Ministry produced rational grounds of objection at any stage of the proceedings. Is the Ministry muscle-bound in its own red tape? Or is it overworked? Had it some solid reason not yet publicly disclosed? Or is its enthusiasm for house-building more lukewarm than we had been given to understand?

I have been told that there is nothing unusual or remarkable in the above example, and that one need look for no explanation beyond the normal one of obstructive delay born of some red-tape circular. Can any of your readers throw light on the Ministry's motives? It is fast acquiring an unenviable reputation, not least amongst local authorities. J. M. KEYNES

THE PACIFIST'S DILEMMA

SIR,—I am sorry Delisle Burns feels that amongst the "real" objections to the idea of an international police force is the fact that I support it. May I assure him that he need not be alarmed, since the Labour Party in its Parliamentary resolution of November 13th is also pulling the string of this same "red herring"?

My case to the National Peace Council was that the Peace Movement should try to narrow its propaganda down to a practical and immediate programme, even while it continued its efforts to change people's hearts and minds and to build a new social order. It is ludicrous to pretend that a mere alteration in the method of manufacturing and selling armaments gets down to the root problem of the great issue of peace and war, or that it is especially realistic in the modern world where fear is dominant.

We must face this hard fact that nations are afraid of each other, just as individual citizens used to be. Some method of providing security is the only way to induce the frame of mind that will enable them to proceed with disarmament. Security emanates first from the existence of law, and then from the knowledge that there are means of implementing law—politically, morally, and, if necessary, forcibly.

Now the proposal for the international use of force is not new. What is new is the method suggested.

I am not advocating a cosmopolitan army, navy or military air force, made up of contingents from each nation under a system which permits those armies to be at one and the same time in national and international hands.

The particular aspect of the idea that I am venturing to put before the Peace Movement is the use of internationalised civil aviation, following upon the entire abolition of military aviation.

This step would achieve two results:

(1) The more efficient development of aviation as a system of world transport.

(2) A new and effective means whereby the world can maintain order as well as create law.

The problem of aviation is not remote, but is urgent and immediate. If we do nothing about it this new invention can destroy civilisation. But it can also be our salvation. It happens to be an invention which in its civil aspect is potentially military, and it is known to be an instrument against which there is no defence. If, therefore, civilisation is to be protected, this discovery must be developed internationally and not nationally.

Once it is internationally owned it becomes the exclusive possession of world authority and is not duplicated nationally. In consequence, should it ever be desirable to implement international law, as we do national law, by some use of force, this instrument, *civil in character*, is available. When it is no longer owned nationally, and when consequently there can be no national reply, it can be used in ways which will reduce any loss of life to a minimum, as is the case with the civil domestic police force which spends most of its time in rendering assistance to the community rather than in arresting criminals. Indiscriminate bombing only results from attempts at aerial reply to attack in the air.

In the fourteen-point peace programme I recently submitted to the National Peace Council this proposal, however, was only one item and was preceded by many others—for the abolition of national armaments; their international supervision whilst they were being abolished; the cessation of their private manufacture; the extension of world law and law courts; moral, political and economic methods of implementing that law.

Most of what I advocated is the stock-in-trade of our Peace Movement, but it is not enough. I am convinced that never can the creation of law, pacts and covenants, nationally or internationally, be an adequate procedure alone for the maintenance of order. The creation of law is, of course, vital, but means for the maintenance of order are equally so. Making laws against burglary is not sufficient to stop theft.

The problem, however, is how on the international field can we repeat this domestic experience with the least disadvantage. It was difficult to do so before the invention of this unique instrument of aviation. I think it can now be done.

The only practical way in which we can hope for a successful resumption of the Disarmament Conference is to begin at a new end by first finding a means to security, which will reduce the fear that impedes disarmament. A "No-force" Pacifist, who refuses to use a policeman at home, is entitled to object to his use internationally, but no other type of pacifist can logically do so, though he is fully entitled to object to any given proposal which seems to him politically inexpedient, things being what they are in the world to-day.

I have also ventured to submit that this proposal for abolishing military and internationalising civil aviation is not only permissible in principle, but politically realistic, because it takes from Germany and all other nations simultaneously the one and only instrument which makes German rearmament a menace. Thereby it gives equality to Germany and security to the world, enables disarmament under supervision to commence in real earnest and saves civilisation from a new peril which must otherwise overwhelm us all. ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

Hurtwood House,
Albury, Guildford.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

SIR,—*Vigilantes*, the authors of *The Dying Peace*, have again allowed their zeal for what might be to blunt their sense of what is. My letter of November 11th pointed out that in one important particular *Vigilantes* had misread the Covenant. Their reply, a fortnight later, shows that they have misread my letter. They demonstrate how far, far better it would be if the Covenant obliged

Members of the League to submit to, accept and act upon a third-party judgment on what constitutes "aggression" or "resort to war." I agree: it would be very much better. Unfortunately, as my letter indicated, the Covenant imposes no obligation upon the parties to a dispute to accept or act upon any such judgment. On the contrary, the Covenant leaves the parties free to act as they judge right.

That is not to say that the Members of the League have no right or duty, under the Covenant, to prevent aggression. This is a wholly different proposition and is, of course, not true. The right or duty does not, however, enable any organ of the League to impose upon a Member against its will a decision that "aggression" has taken place under Article 10 or a Covenant-breaking "resort to war" under Article 16, with the consequent duty to take action under the relevant Article. Again, I wish it did.

The Optional Clause is a different matter. My former letter was perhaps unduly cautious in admitting a doubt whether the Permanent Court of International Justice is competent to interpret the Covenant when called upon to decide between two States, both of which have accepted the Optional Clause. Even so, the Court might, in any particular instance, conclude that the decision as to the interpretation and application of the Covenant rested with the States concerned.

Professor Whitehead has recently observed that "the success of language in conveying information is vastly over-rated." In the hope of removing the last trace of ambiguity, and in case *Vigilantes* and I may still be at cross-purposes, I would repeat that an obligation "to submit to third-party judgment on what constitutes aggression or resort to war" (*The Dying Peace*, page 44) includes the duty of accepting and acting on the judgment. It is this latter duty which the Covenant does not impose upon an unwilling party to a dispute.

My necessarily brief answers to the three questions put to me by *Vigilantes* are:

(1) The Assembly was not acting *ultra vires* in passing judgment on February 24th, 1933. But the Covenant imposed no obligation upon Japan to accept or comply with that judgment. The other Members of the League are, however, required by Article 10 to preserve the territorial integrity of China against Japan's external aggression; and they have still to fulfil that duty.

(2) A corresponding duty—to prevent Greek aggression in 1925—was nobly fulfilled by M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain.

(3) In the Corfu case, my only doubt is whether the Jurists' Committee went far enough.

The two remaining questions asked by *Vigilantes* are addressed not to me but to the League of Nations Union. I feel sure that *Vigilantes* are acquainted with the means provided in the Union's Royal Charter for bringing such matters before its General Council.

15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. MAXWELL GARNETT

"QUACK, QUACK! OR HAVING IT BOTH WAYS"

SIR,—It was Mr. Woolf himself who once taught me never to reply to hostile reviews unless they misrepresented me on a point of fact. My private belief that I am as good a Rationalist as Mr. Woolf puts me under the obligation of writing to point out that this is precisely what he has done.

Mr. Woolf brings against me the dreadful charge that I am a mystic who has "a direct and immediate experience that the universe is good"; and the more dreadful charge still, that I "directly apprehend" God, and writes a critical review which is largely concerned to poke fun at me ("quack, quack," in fact) on the basis of this indictment.

Now, let us see what I do say.

> It is, I believe, a simple statement of psychological fact that, whereas most of the peoples of the world have in some form or other had this (intuitive religious) consciousness, most people in the West to-day have not. . . . Radhakrishnan . . . speaks as if the religious consciousness were an inalienable and universal possession of the human spirit. . . . I can only say that I have looked into my consciousness very carefully and can find nothing of the kind, unless as Radhakrishnan suggests, I am prepared to accept my feeling for Nature and the "spell" which great "works of art cast upon us" as religious. (*Counter Attack from the East*, pp. 75, 76.)

This seems definite enough, nor is the remark an isolated statement, but it provides the theme for the next thirty pages.

Where I do differ from Mr. Woolf is in not being prepared to write off mystical experience as quackery and all that it implies as moonshine, merely because I do not happen to enjoy the experience. Mr. Woolf prides himself on being a good Rationalist because "he does not know what will happen to him when he dies, or why billions of stars are flaming through space . . ." and so on. No more do I. But it is because I feel bound to add to the list of things that I do not know the propositions "since I am without mystical experience, therefore all the mystics must be talking nonsense," and, as a corollary, "all philosophies based on the assumed validity of mystical experience must be wrong," that I consider myself to be an even better Rationalist than I think Mr. Woolf.

C. E. M. JOAD

Hampstead.

[We have shown Mr. Joad's letter to Mr. Leonard Woolf, who replies, as follows: "When I wrote my review, I confess that I hoped that Mr. Joad would write this letter. He has not, perhaps, noticed that the title of the review is "Quack, Quack! Or Having It Both Ways." I do not accuse him of quacking, but he is trying to have it both ways. All through the book he has it both ways. It is true that every now and again he assures the reader that he is still an agnostic and does not swallow Radhakrishnan whole, but always with a qualification—as in the above sentence where the "unless . . ." leaves it possible for the mystic and the religious to claim Mr. Joad as one of their flight or flock. Nor can I see what point there can be in writing 260 pages in high praise of an uncommunicatable and unexplicable "message" unless you believe that there is truth in the message, especially if you neglect to mention nearly all the reasons there are for not believing it. Mr. Joad misinterprets my position when he says that I say that "all philosophies based on the assumed validity of mystical experience must be wrong." I have never said that. But Radhakrishnan says that beliefs based on mystical experience must be true and Mr. Joad in this book countenances the claim. It is that claim which I deny and which sounds in my ears like the quacking of quacks. Mr. Joad is also wrong in saying that I pride myself on being a rationalist. I do not even call myself a rationalist or belong to the Rationalist Association. In these matters I count myself a little higher, but only a very little higher, than the humble worm. If you asked the humble earthworm why billions of stars are flaming through space or whether his soul is or is not immortal, I am sure he would have the good sense and humility to say: "Please, sir, I do not know." I take my stand with the worm and say: "I do not know"; but after reading Radhakrishnan and Mr. Joad, even we poor worms turn and add: "Nor do you!"—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

POLITICS IN CAMBRIDGE

SIR,—In the Cambridge that I first knew, in 1929 and 1930, the central subject of ordinary intelligent conversation was poetry. As far as I can remember we hardly ever talked or thought about politics. For one thing, we almost all of us had implicit confidence in Maynard Keynes's rosy prophecies of continually increasing capitalist prosperity. Only the secondary problems, such as birth control, seemed to need the intervention of the intellectuals.

By the end of 1933, we have arrived at a situation in which almost the only subject of discussion is contemporary politics, and in which a very large majority of the more intelligent undergraduates are Communists, or almost Communists. As far as an interest in literature continues it has very largely changed its character, and become an ally of Communism under the influence of Mr. Auden's Oxford Group. Indeed, it might, with some plausibility, be argued that Communism in England is at present very largely a literary phenomenon—an attempt of a second "post-war generation" to escape from the Waste Land.

Certainly it would be a mistake to take it too seriously, or to neglect the very large element of rather neurotic personal salvationism in our brand of Communism. It is only too easy to point to the remarkable resemblances between Communism and Buchmanism, the way in which both are used to satisfy the need of some individuals for communion with a group, and the need for some outlet for enthusiasm. Our generation seems to be repeating the experience of Rupert Brooke's, the appearance of a need for "the moral equivalent of war" among a large number of the members of the leisured and educated classes. And Communism provides the activity, the sense of common effort, and something of the hysteria of war.

But this is only one side of the picture. If Communism makes many of its converts among the "emotionals," it appeals almost as strongly to minds a great deal harder. It is not so much that we are all Socialists now as that we are all Marxists now. The burning questions for us are questions of tactics and method, and

of our own place in a Socialist State and a Socialist revolution. It would be difficult to find anyone of any intellectual pretensions who would not accept the general Marxist analysis of the present crisis. There is a very general feeling, which perhaps has something to do with the prevalent hysterical enthusiasm, that we are personally and individually involved in the crisis, and that our business is rather to find the least evil course of action that will solve our immediate problems than to argue about rival Utopias.

Perhaps the most serious of immediate issues is the dispute between Communists and Socialists, which in Cambridge has gone very definitely in favour of the Communists. Partly, no doubt, this is due to local causes; the Cambridge Socialist Society was a branch of the I.L.P., and disaffiliated from the Labour Party; moreover, it has always been rather weak and unimportant in the University. Also, there is inevitably a rather provincial and theoretical cast about University politics; we are apt to give "lessons from the German situation" a greater weight than the difficulties of converting the English working class to any sort of Socialism, and to conclude that Trade Union leaders are hopeless, because they will not support any and every strike. But it would be as well if the leaders of the Labour Party were to pay some attention to the criticisms directed against them in Cambridge, for they are likely to be echoed—indeed they are already being echoed—very widely. I do not see what reply can be made to the accusation that many, if not most, of the Labour Party and Trade Union leaders have ceased to be in any real sense revolutionary Socialists. Nor do I know how to meet the accusation that the Labour Party thinks too exclusively in terms of general elections, and does too little permanent Socialist propaganda. It also appears to be true that few of our leaders have really considered the gravity of their position. If the Labour Party wins the next election we shall be faced by a political storm compared with which the Reform Bill and Parliament Act crisis were dead calms. Unless we have not only a plan of Socialist legislation but an administrative plan of Socialist action throughout the country we shall be faced by a most formidable Fascist reaction.

In such a situation, the Universities may, on the one hand, become a recruiting ground for Fascism and reaction; though at present this appears somewhat improbable—in Cambridge at any rate. Fascism is more a creation of Communist imaginations than a fact. On the other hand, some of the best material for improvising a Socialist administration able to look after the detailed carrying out of a Socialist policy would be found in the Universities. But unless the Labour Party shows more signs of being a genuine and determined Socialist Party—until we are ready to translate our declarations in favour of a general strike against war or against the treatment of the unemployed into definite and immediate activity—we shall have the greatest difficulty in getting people to believe that we mean what we say. And in that case we shall lose a great deal of valuable support that we might have had—with possibly very serious results for Socialism.

JULIAN BELL

THE O.T.C. AND THE MILITARY MIND

SIR,—In most public schools it is made very hard for a boy not to be in the O.T.C. At my school it was voluntary, but the head boys of your house made it unpleasant for you if you did not join. I did not, and was constantly nagged at as a slacker who was letting down the house. A deputation of two prefects (budding sergeants) even came to my father to ask him to make me join. He replied that, having held a commission in His Majesty's Forces, he knew what military drill was and did not wish me to waste my time that way. The alternative was gymnastics under an excellent Swedish instructor, which did me immense good.

But why should boys be coerced into doing military exercises? What is the aim of the O.T.C., unless to prepare boys for future war? I agree that the O.T.C. does not cultivate a war-spirit—quite a number of the Communists and Pacifists I know possess Cert. A.—but its purpose is not to provide an antidote for a war-spirit, it is to train possible officers.

It is not a system of exercise well adapted for boys' bodies. If it were meant simply to develop the body, surely two rifles would be carried. They say that it has moral advantages, produces courage, *esprit de corps*, discipline. It requires no courage to join the O.T.C.; on the contrary, it requires courage to stay out of it. The activities call for far less courage than boxing, football or speaking in the debating society. And if a school is so weak in *esprit de corps* and discipline that it needs to call in an ex-sergeant-major, then the staff had better resign; there are plenty of teachers who can produce these qualities through the influence of their own characters.

Why not give the time now devoted to the O.T.C. (which includes classes in theoretical soldiering) to some of those subjects for which schoolmasters are always saying there is no time—more modern languages, astronomy, the history of art, European and recent history. We might then see an end to such unhappy products as the hero of *Rough Justice*, who "had to drop out of a conversation when anyone mentioned Donatello or Dalton, or Garibaldi or Lincoln or Pitt; he did not know the brothers Adam from Adam the brotherless, could not tell you the names or paths of three stars, nor how tramcars were moved, nor how a watch worked, nor why it was cold in winter."

VIVIAN OGILVIE

THE CASTLE HOWARD HOLBEIN

SIR,—Since with regard to this picture the principle has been so happily established that the true way to decide the authenticity of a work of art is to consult not the expert or the scholar or the art-researcher but the living artist, it has occurred to me that this method of connoisseurship might be applied with profit to the art of literature as well as to that of painting. I should like to suggest that a jury should be empanelled of, say, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. H. B. Priestley, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, and others of our famous contemporary writers, to settle for us, by their authoritative verdict, some of those Shakespearean problems of authenticity about which Shakespeare scholars seem unable to come to any agreement. Is *Titus Andronicus*, for instance, genuine Shakespeare? Did Shakespeare, or did he not, write the Hecate scene in *Macbeth*, the Masque in the *Tempest*; and what portions of the plays *Timon of Athens*, *Pericles* and *Henry VIII* are of his composition? If our jury would settle once and for all these problems, how immense would be the benefit which they would bestow on bewildered students!

From this theory of connoisseurship—the theory, namely, that not the scholar but the practising artist must be the judge of authenticity—it follows, I suppose, that the greater the artist the greater will be the value of his verdict. If this be so, how sad must be our regret that two of the most accomplished masters of modern fiction, Henry James and George Moore (who were dramatists as well) are not alive to help us with their discriminations! We have good reason to believe that both of them attributed the bulk of Shakespeare's work to another hand; but we do not know, and I fear we shall now never know, which plays, or which slices of plays, were, in the judgment of these creative artists—or which were not—authentic Bacon.

11 St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.3. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

HOW THE UNEMPLOYED LIVE

SIR,—Since March, a club for the wives of the unemployed has been conducted at Park Street Church, Hull, with the approval and assistance of the Hull Community Council. It meets every Monday afternoon from 2.30, and has already enrolled eighty women who have used it to a greater or less degree.

The members pay for their cups of tea and (nominal sums) for all clothing obtained. Voluntary workers help the women to mend and remake clothing, and make every effort to supply their special needs of clothes or bedding. Homes are visited by representatives of the Community Council, a sufficient precaution and a valued guide. The women appreciate the social side of the club; and there is an insatiable demand for clothing and blankets. A difficulty in procuring a steady supply of clothes, shoes and blankets limits our activity; and the need is great and urgent, because the unemployed, though perhaps fed, cannot replace worn-out clothes on what public assistance provides.

226 Victoria Avenue, Hull. ESTHER M. LEWIS

CAMBRIDGE ANTI-WAR COUNCIL

SIR,—In his very pleasant notice of our Exhibition "Critic" mentions that the Cambridge Anti-War Council is "run by the Trade Unions, Labour Party and Co-operatives." To avoid misunderstanding, may I be allowed to point out that the Cam-

bridge Anti-War Council is a united front organisation and is not controlled by any one political party? It includes, for instance, on "the left," the Communist Party, and it includes also such bodies as the Socialist League and the University Anti-War Council. As these organisations played a prior rôle in the foundation of the Council, and contributed a considerable part of the spade-work by which the Exhibition was organised, I think you will agree that it would be unfair if one political organisation is mentioned as "running" the Council for these others not to be mentioned as well.

MAURICE DOBB,
Secretary, Cambridge Anti-War Council

KING CHARLES

SIR,—While thanking Mr. Carswell for his interesting review of my book, *King Charles I*, I should like to make a disclaimer against one of his insinuations. My attempt to restate the Royalist case, shamefully neglected in many recent histories, was in no sense inspired by the least admiration for Hitler or Mussolini. There are, indeed, rough equivalents in the seventeenth century of the methods and ideals of Fascism and the Nazis—forcible suppression of parliaments, rule by arbitrary decree, bullying of opponents and "strong" government without the sanction of law, heredity or popular election. They can be found in their most uncompromising forms in the career of Oliver Cromwell.

15 Fernshaw Road, Chelsea, S.W.10. EVAN JOHN

Miscellany

THE IRISH YEAR

As I write it is the season when the horizon of bog or mountain is clean-cut as a jewel against cold skies. The furze has come to its second yellowing, the bracken shapeless and rustered, the pines shedding their fawny needles everywhere. It has been so mild an autumn that the trees are not yet naked. I still see late apples on a tree or two. The dark comes a few hours after lunch. We are resting and enjoying the fruits of an excellent harvest.

One wishes that the hurly-burly of everyday life could rest in the same way even for a week. But we are too young and earnest a country for that; we take ourselves as seriously as Puritans. Besides, the Revolution is not yet over. We have drunk strange potions and our Lamian convulsions are not finished. For the artist it is tiresome, even unpleasant to watch a country "writh'd about, convulsed with scarlet pain," especially when it goes on and on with no sign of the "full-born beauty, new and exquisite." It is here, no less than in any other such country, a difficult time for writers because it is equally dangerous to sink one's hands into life—that kind of life—and to hold entirely aloof. One turns from it sometimes to recall what Stendhal wrote in *Promenades dans Rome*:

> Quelques accès de colère que nous nous donnions, le gouvernement sera à peu pres dans vingt ans ce qu'il est aujourd-hui. Or à cette époque le monde sera bien près fini pour beaucoup d'entre nous. Il n'est pas donc sage de remettre les jouissances que peuvent nous donner les beaux-arts et la contemplation de la nature au temps qui suivra l'établissement d'un gouvernement parfait. *Il y aura toujours de ce côté des sujets de colère, et c'est, selon moi, une triste occupation que la colère impuissante.*

Besides, there is always the consolation that there are here two strata of life—the wilder, more impassioned, abstract life of the revolutionaries and the politicians, and that other quiet, everlasting, infinitely lovely world of the men and women of the soil. One need never meddle with the wild men to find vitality in a country like this. We know, too, that whatever of permanent significance may come out of that restless life of the reformers will seep down to earth like the pure well-water that rests in the cups of the mountains. The truth of that is shown in the literature of every country that, like ours, lives close to the land—in Bojer and Lagerlof, and Undset, in Von Heidenstam, in the Quinteros, in the best of Turgenev, even in a writer like Sarah Orne Jewett in America. It is the recompense for poverty, for shortcomings in those things in which other countries are magnificent, as architecture, painting, sculpture, even clothes or food.

So the lives go on, and play on one another, until they become themselves divided and subdivided, and everybody is confused and blinded by their activities. But our rulers have, it seems to me, long since broken into two main camps, those that come from the simple world of the fields and respect it and love it and order all their ideas according to it—men who take their rule of life from the farm of thirty acres and who have little or no interest in other ways of living. These are the Left Wing. They are the real Peasants' Party of Ireland. One can have a great respect for these, especially for their stubborn leader, De Valera, but one cannot forgive them for leaving out of their philosophy everything in life that is magnificent and irrelevant and proud and luxurious and lovely. What can one get out of thirty acres but the life of thirty acres? A long family; prayers on beads; fun and hard living; all the natural humour of the crossroads and the forge; a walk with the dogs and a shoot over poached land; a long life and a happy death. One could be lyrical about it if one had no ambition and no pity; and tragic about it if one had no pietas and no sense of proportion. But, taking it all in all, it is a penitential life and its rewards are humble, or postponed even to Eternity. It is all very Catholic and very Irish, and very powerful in its claims. In literature the best expression of that life may be found in such books as Peadar O'Donnel's *Islanders*, or Maurice O'Sullivan's *Twenty Years A-Growing* (O'Donnel with the grimness left out or toned down), or in Corkery's lyrical *Threshold of Quiet*, an urban novel that tries to face the entire facts of that life and inevitably, therefore, takes as its motto the grim phrase of Thoreau, that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation."

There is more humanity, better word than humanitarianism, in our Right Wing. They are more material. They have more worldly ambition. They would like to foster the arts. They see Ireland more from the international angle. But, then, what, with such a viewpoint, can anyone quickly accomplish with such a problem as ours? America and the colonies once took our surplus population. England took our University men. And we had the credit for all our writers accomplished while England and America supported them. That is coming to an end now. And that is why so many Irishmen have made up their minds to pull in their belts, wear a hair-shirt, and try, like Finland or Denmark, to be self-supporting and independent. There can be no earthly doubt but that they are losing on the game, and that as the months go on the belt will have to be drawn tighter and tighter.

So, we come to the other stratum—the men in the trenches as they are being called here—the simple folk. The other day I met an old man who was behind-hand on the necessary payments on his land. He said it was due simply to the economic policy of the Left Wing, the policy of self-reliance. I asked him whom he voted for at the previous election. "I voted," he said quietly, "for De Valera." I ventured to ask him—it is usually a useless question because evaded—"And whom will you vote for at the next election?" "I will vote," he said quietly, "for De Valera. He's doing his best." There seems little doubt that the mass of the simple people of the country will or would like to follow him in that. For as one travels about the country—it is indeed lovely to look at in its richness, and the men and women one meets on the roads and in the cabins are just as hopeful and merry as they ever were. We live simply, and a harvest that is good means laughter for a year. But if they are simple they are far-seeing, and they know that they can never move out of their present state of poverty except by beginning all over again. It is not they who first said that *on recule pour mieux sauter*. They probably never heard the phrase, but they would understand its force and they have undoubtedly responded to a similar appeal. I know men who have lost thousands of pounds on the present "economic war," and though the people are very close—the country is full of what we call here "Two-

sided Tims "—and I have even known a man who nominated the member of one party and voted for the other, yet, as far as anyone can be morally certain of knowing anything about a fellow-man, I know these men would still in the event of an early election continue to support the policy that has cost them so dearly. That is a state of mind which, I imagine, baffles the understanding of the Saxon.

Naturally the writer regrets the necessity for even a temporary regression, and will not always bear with it patiently. He is a man who lives in his own day though he may not live for it. Unrest, *la colère impuissante*, is fatal to the artist. To him the reformer replies, doubtless with anger—"You and your art! We are struggling to live!" To that there is no reply—one scorns to say that our servants will do that for us—except, "You and your live! We are struggling to write!" A stronger antagonist for the politician is the man who is too filled with pity to allow even an "economic" war to be fought over the bodies of the poor. But, unfortunately, religion, and we are full of it, does not go hand in hand with humanitarianism; its values are too "spiritual." Nor will the sceptic, who has found out long since to his cost that all idealists are callous, support a policy of self-sacrifice for the sake of problematical good. Lastly, the selfish man will not tolerate any unrest for a moment longer than he can help.

Only one thing is certain, that these opposites will not converge again until, as before, all have suffered to the limit. It will not, however, thank heaven, ever be as terrible, though likely to be just as astringent, an experience as the period of armed revolution. It will last longer and go deeper into us. It will be a time when every Irishman who is an artist should carry his inkhorn on his belt. SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

DOUBLE-CROSSED

Laburnum Grove, at the Duchess Theatre, is a most amusing light comedy. It is excellently acted and it is produced with a complete understanding of all its points. As the name suggests, the play is a study in suburban life and character; a picture of that kind of rosy, cosy domesticity and those exasperations which comport with small greenhouses and diminutive but incessantly rolled lawns. On the surface it presents us with a life-like picture of anxious respectability; of that humdrum conventionality against which the children of such homes are apt to revolt—though their parents know that to have attained it from small beginnings, and in such a precarious world, is something of an achievement. This smug home, however, happens to be built upon lurid and risky foundations. So much so that when the daughter of the house gets a peep at these she is only too glad to be bamboozled once more into thinking that her father resembles his neighbours and is just one of those modest little business men who always, and will to the end of their days, play for safety.

Every notice that I have seen of this play has praised the astonishingly good acting of Mr. Edmund Gwenn as George Radfern, who (apparently) runs a small paper-factory—a forbearing, kindly, humorous little man who finds reward in growing tomatoes, a happy fire-side and slippers. But by no means all the critics have insisted on what is equally true: that though Mr. Edmund Gwenn is the play's pivot he is extraordinarily well supported at every turn by the whole cast. All the parts are pitched in the key of naturalistic bourgeois comedy, and it is hard to imagine them being better interpreted. From the comparatively small parts—the slack and treacherous young man who has won the heart of Elsie Radfern, the Scotland Yard Inspector or the tomato growing neighbour—to the fuller character-parts of Mr. and Mrs. Baxley (Elsie's uncle and aunt), out of which Miss Ethel Coleridge and Mr. Melville Cooper squeeze every drop of fun while preserving the sobriety of naturalism, the play is thoroughly interpreted. Miss Mary Jerrold in the part of Mrs. Radfern has only to behave imperturbably to support her share of the comedy, but she achieves a pointful restraint that is as satisfying in its small way as the acting of Mr. Edmund Gwenn in his much more elaborate part.

This is the first play by Mr. Priestley I have seen. It proves that he has a real gift for the stage. You would suppose it the work of a man who had written plays all his life, so well does he understand how situation adds point to a casual remark, and how suspense and surprise stimulate our attention to character, though revealed only in commonplace chatter. In fact he shows himself to be a born-playwright; the patter and the fun are excellent. Where *Laburnum Grove* fails is not, as might be expected with a novelist turned dramatist, in theatrical dexterity, but in a certain pyschological obtuseness which has apparently concealed from him the inevitable effect of making a character turn out to be a criminal when it was, at one point in the play, the best of jokes, that he of all men should *pretend* to be one. The first surprise in *Laburnum Grove* occurs when the amiable sensible tender-hearted little paper-manufacturer, in order to expose his daughter's mercenary suitor and rid himself of his tiresome borrowing in-laws, confesses—apparently in a moment of after-supper expansion—that his money is made by forging notes. His wife happens to be absent that evening, but the others, after a moment of astounded incredulity, are actually persuaded that he is telling the truth; with the consequence that the detrimental suitor sheers off and the in-laws prepare to depart. When Mrs. Radfern returns she placidly declares that of course it is all complete nonsense, and that George was only pulling their legs. (She points out that George's account of himself is to be found in a detective novel which is lying on the parlour table.) The audience who have enjoyed George's confession as a humorous device for ridding his home of undesirables, are at first no more disturbed in this view of him than Mrs. Radfern herself by the call of an Inspector from Scotland Yard. Elsie is happy again in spite of having lost her suitor—the relief of finding that her father is what she has always supposed him to be is so enormous. Then the dramatist double-crosses his audience.

The Inspector calls again, and in an interview with George Radfern (excitingly conducted though perhaps a shade too long) it becomes perfectly clear to us that this amiable little man has really been for years one of a gang of forgers. The evidence against him is not yet complete, but the net is closing round him. The curtain falls on his announcing gaily to his wife and daughter that they are all going at once for a long holiday abroad. Ingenious as this ending is, it leaves behind a sense of dissatisfaction tinged with distaste. The audience feel that they have been cheated. The surprise at the end had been engineered by deliberately playing upon their sympathies for the main character. In the course of the three acts they have come to have an extremely warm feeling for George, and the fun they have enjoyed most is that he of all men should be able to persuade those near him that he was a crook. When therefore we discover that he really is a crook, the pleasure we took in his kindly and humorous handling of domestic difficulties is wiped out in retrospect. It is perfectly legitimate on the stage, or in a novel, to reveal some fundamental fact about a character which changes our view of him; but the author in such cases must have provided justifying clues, so that the spectator or the reader says to himself, "I did not take that point at the time, but of course *now* I see that he might have been all the time a complete fraud." The pervasive fault with Mr. Priestley's play is not only that has he failed to provide such indications, but that he has crammed the character of George Radfern with traits which point in exactly the opposite direction. The result is that though the audience may have enjoyed every moment of his comedy, at the end they feel damnably sold. The endearing qualities of George Radfern, so sympathetically interpreted by Mr. Edmund Gwenn, persuade them that either the dramatist must be over-cynical, or that he has simply used his skill in drawing an attaching character to create an empty detonation of surprise.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

MARIE STOPES

BOTH *Who's Who* and the official biography are alike silent as to the date of her birth; but it cannot have been more than a year or two after Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh had, in 1877, won the first great battle for Birth Control, that the woman was born who was destined to play the part of leader in the second, more decisive, victory, some forty years later.

Like so many other outstanding figures in history, she not only showed in childhood no promise of unusual capacity, but rather the reverse. Indeed, a good Freudian would say that her ultimate achievement was due to her reaction against the feeling of inferiority which marked her early years—that she had, and still has, an inner necessity to prove *to herself*, as well as to others, that she is more, and not less, gifted and powerful than the mass of her fellows.

This, perhaps, is the key which unlocks for us the problem of the amazing contradictions of one whom history will certainly consider one of the most influential figures of our time. How else are we to explain the presence, in one of her rare gifts of intellect and character, of the defects which have failed to prevent, but have certainly hindered, her ultimate success and recognition?

Though she was already well known to a small circle as a paleobotanist, her name meant nothing to the world at large when, soon after the outbreak of the war, she began to interest herself in the Birth Control movement. The Malthusian League, that brave little band headed by the Drysdales, had kept the flag flying since 1877; but it was Marie Stopes who, in 1918, saw that the moment had come to risk a decisive battle. Like Joan of Arc, she led her troops to victory and she has only escaped the fate of the Maid at the hands of the Church Militant because burning is no longer in fashion.

Gibe as we may at her inordinate vanity, her belief that she is directly inspired from heaven, her bitter and relentless ferocity towards her adversaries, there can be no denying that it is she, above all others, who has brought to women the right to be mistresses, and not slaves, of their own fertility, and to children the right of coming as invited guests, and not as gate-crashers, to the banquet of life.

Though we dismiss as absurd her claims to be the supreme authority on the technical side of the Birth Control movement, it must be admitted that it is she who has made possible the dissemination of technical knowledge, and has facilitated the technical advances that have taken place. Before her campaign, any medical man or woman who had publicly advocated contraception would have been ostracised or pilloried. Her victory has made it possible for the King's physician himself to proclaim his fervent faith in the justice of her cause, and has created a place in the columns of medical journals, the meetings of medical societies, and the laboratories of medical schools for reports and discussion of, and research in, contraceptive technique.

What will be the end of this remarkable woman, and what the verdict of posterity? Will some English Hitler have her murdered, or beaten up, or imprisoned, or exiled, for her liberal opinions? Or will some future "honours list" honour itself by recognising her services to the nation and to mankind? Will posterity consider her, as many consider Joan the Maid, a self-deluded megalomaniac, or will Marie Stopes, too, find a place in the Calendar of Saints?

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Gluck's "Orpheus" at Sadler's Wells

This is a great addition to the repertory of opera at Sadler's Wells, where Gluck has been unduly neglected in the past. A new English translation has been provided by Professor Edward J. Dent that serves its purpose admirably, and care had been taken to handle the choruses—which are always of supreme dramatic importance with Gluck—with a due sense of their character and significance. The title role is of especial difficulty in this opera, and fortunately Miss Mary Jarred was not unequal to her great task, and sang with fine eloquence and power. A good Eurydice in the person of Miss Sybil Crawley was another piece of good fortune, but Miss Olive Dyer's Cupid was a little out of the picture. The choruses sang well and the whole work was conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Toye with breadth and vitality. *Orpheus* is one of the great classics of opera, and nobody who cares for dramatic music should miss this production.

Aldous Huxley Revival

How refreshing it is to have a sparkling, intelligent play on the stage again! *The World of Light* bristles with intelligence. It is not a very good play, because the author has not given his intelligence enough to bite on: it floats about, unattached. He was not interested enough, or not bad playwright enough, to make spiritualism his subject. It is no more the subject than the witches are the subject of *Macbeth*. It provides a good situation, some excellent comedy and the chance for a few penetrating remarks. The characters, for once, are the life of the play. But it starts with one character and a background, warms up to an interest in about six with the leisure of a novel, and ends with the debris of all of them. And not all the art of Messrs. Aubrey Mather, Clifford Bartlett, Esmé Percy and the other members of a good cast can make it seem a continuous whole. But Mr. Huxley's subtle dissections, when he finds something worth dissecting, appear so lucid on the stage that it seems a pity he does not write a more solid and complete play and one as free from turgidity and nonsense as this one. In the meantime, *The World of Light* ought to outlive its prescribed three weeks at the Playhouse.

A New Marguerite

The Gate production of *The Lady of the Camellias* is noteworthy only for the opportunity it provides for seeing Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson in a test part which should enable her to reveal her maximum potentialities as an artist. This actress has already established herself in a certain rather narrow range, without ever quite proving that she could extend it as her powers matured. Her Marguerite Gautier, although it is in many ways a beautiful

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performance, is, from this wider aspect, disappointing. She seizes upon just those aspects of the part which one would expect to appeal to her—a touch of the ethereal throughout, the dignity and pathos of the end, the bitterness and irony which salt so many of the situations. But there are no surprises, and the warm spontaneity of Marguerite's humanity eludes her. You may argue, if you like, that it is just this aspect of the piece which is least likely to convince a modern audience in any case—that Marguerite's sacrifice is only a piece of nineteenth-century clap-trap, not worth the pains of putting over. But unless it receives its full nineteenth-century value, the rest of the play is exposed as perilously empty theatre-stuff. It must be conceded that Miss Forbes-Robertson's support is inadequate. The scenery is horribly shoddy, and the company ill-attuned to the atmosphere demanded of them. Mr. William Freshman plays Armand with sufficient sincerity, but insists upon calling his beloved "Margyoureet" until one begins to wait for it, wincing.

"Man Proposes"

The new play at Wyndham's conforms to type. It is full of West End stage propriety while artistically it is almost indecent. Its plot is unconvincing, and its wit superimposed. It lacks ingenuity and there is nothing to show that the shallow philosophising about Fate and the Justice of Death which the author in a prologue puts into the mouths of a newsagent and a taxi-driver is not his own. But for what it is it is well manufactured and if it shows no sense of what the stage will do it shows plenty of what it has done already, in many plays that have run for many nights. Without providing any scope for interesting acting it allows Mr. Own Nares, Mr. Cyril Raymond and half a dozen others to do pleasantly the things we know they can do; and there is a semblance of something original about the part of a woman who has had her husband stolen, and has her hand against the world and all husband-stealers. Miss Grizelda Hervey played this with distinction. Miss Nancy O'Neil, also, showed a capacity to give subtlety to a thin part.

"The Tempest," at Cranleigh

Those who blame the Drama for the faults of professional production and acting, should have seen Mr. Michael Redgrave's production of *The Tempest* at Cranleigh School. Played on a simple stage of formalised rocks by a cast of boys and three masters, it began with a tumult of storm and rhythmic chaos of struggling figures, in which no word of Shakespeare's was audible; just shouting in the high wind. So boldly begun, the play shot forth its contrasts in succession, of light and darkness, love and storm, good and evil, all jointed and pointed with music. The acting was so good and unselfconscious that only once was it necessary to remember that the players were boys with little or no experience. Mr. Bowyer, who himself composed the music to the play, gave a vigorous Stefano. But Mr. Redgrave's Prospero with its mixture of dignity and power, at the same time divine and human, was so controlled that when he was on the stage the audience had no eyes for others; and when the play was over the regret came that such a fine actor should play only twice in the year. His next production will be *King Lear*, in June, 1934.

Mae West

As a film, Mae West's second picture, *I'm No Angel*, now showing at the Carlton, is a somewhat less satisfactory production than *She Done Him Wrong*, which ran for several months in Paris under the title of *Lady Lou*. As a personal triumph, it is yet more astonishing. Miss West composed the entire script herself; and though the story, which tells how a beautiful American circus performer ascended, like a notorious Byzantine empress, from the tan of the ring to serene heights of affluence and respectability, is a haphazard and sufficiently primitive affair, the dialogue, which consists for the most part of wise-cracks and innuendos laid head to tail, gives her peculiar virtuosity just the scope that it needs. The principal actress monopolises the whole picture. Miss West is a "bad woman" but *une bonne fille*. She is hard, determined, unscrupulous, cheerfully amoral, a big blonde houri, clad in a tight, abundantly spangled, old-fashioned, expensive-looking dress; but she is also, we feel, a good creature, instinct with feline and feminine warmth, whose great charm is a fund of cynical *bonhomie*. "I'm no Angel," she announces, and keeps her word. After sitting through hundreds of films in which an essentially amoral situation is qualified by a pseudo-moral fade-out—Hollywood's nastiest and oldest trick—what a relief to see a film that does not pay lip-service to the proprieties! True, the heroine marries "the one man in the world," but it is over the body of another exploited millionaire. Her business is to delight and shock her audience, to set them cackling at her hoarsely muttered *double entendres*, to send them away pleased but disconcerted. She understands her business from ankles to eyebrows, and throws herself into it with the suave abandon of an amorous boa-constrictor.

The Nonesuch Press

Nobody interested in the arts of book production should miss the retrospective show of Nonesuch Press publications, now open at the rooms of the First Edition Club, at 6 Little Russell Street, W.C.1. It is ten years since Mr. Meynell started the Press, and the influence of his fastidious taste on the general aesthetic standards of the printing, binding and decoration of books is indisputable. His virtuosity as a designer is admirably displayed: nobody else could play so dexterously on so many varied instruments of typography, ranging from the impressive Dante or Homer to such opuscules—*simplices munditiis*—as the *Pythian Odes* or the *Latin Portrait* anthology. Mr. Farjeon's seven-volume Shakespeare remains the outstanding Nonesuch achievement. But essentially the Nonesuch Press have been, and still are, strong in their generation because of their general editorial policy. They have hardly ever let themselves produce mere exercises in "fine printing," nor lavished elegance on the trite. Publications like Prof. Leslie Hotson's *Shakespeare and Shallow*, or Mr. Geoffrey Keynes's *Bibliography of Hazlitt* or his superb Blake, have always kept the Nonesuch Press clear of the reproach of being merely purveyors of *bibelots*, and one looks forward to their projected Herodotus with confidence.

The Pepys Exhibition

The Tercentenary Exhibition of Pepysian books, manuscripts and pictures now open in the Robing Room at Messrs. Bumpus, 350 Oxford Street, is not the less welcome for its being rather belated. The exhibits effectively represent many phases of Pepys' career and activities. The manuscripts include the shorthand account of Charles II's escape after the Battle of Worcester, which the loyal Pepys took down from the King's dictation; the careful catalogue which Pepys kept of his precious library; volumes of official letters in both longhand and shorthand; and many private letters. Among the pictures are portraits by Kneller of some of Pepys' friends, a number of family portraits, and collections of prints of people and places mentioned in the Diary. The Exhibition, containing some of the writings of which he was most proud, would have greatly pleased Mr. Pepys (always warmed by the flattery of regard), and will interest all Pepysians. It will remain open until after Christmas.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 8th—
"Escape Me Never," Apollo Theatre.
"Arden of Feversham," Birkbeck College Theatre, 8. And on December 9th.

SATURDAY, December 9th—
Concert of Works of Armstrong Gibbs, Arthur Benjamin, Maurice Besley and others, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Orloff, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, December 10th—
C. Delisle Burns on "Unused Abilities," Conway Hall, 11.
Film Society Performance, Tivoli, 2.30.
Yehudi Menuhin, Albert Hall, 3.
"The Man with the Movie Camera" and "The Guardsman," Forum Cinema, Villiers Street, 6 and 8.30.
Sir Stafford Cripps on "The Choice for Britain," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.45.

TUESDAY, December 12th—
Tokuya Azumi on "Social Welfare Work in Japan," Friend's House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Dame Edith Lyttleton on "Moral Disarmament," Friend's House, Euston Road, 7.
F. Towndrow on "The City of the Future," Morley College, 8.
Prof. W. D. Ross on "Plato and Aristotle in Relation to Modern Thought," University College, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, December 13th—
Ralph Fox on "Literature in Relation to Dialectical Materialism," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.15.

THURSDAY, December 14th—
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

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JESUS' WALK

THE daily prayer of a good man has performed wonders. One of the most faithful answers ever given to a man's prayer was the miracle of Jesus' walk, and the spot where this strange event happened may be seen by any traveller.

About the year thirteen hundred, a simple monk, of no special learning or aught else to commend him beyond his kindness to the poor, who was named John, built at Lindon Abbey a great mound of earth, some thirty feet high, and as large as a good-sized house. This hill Monk John called Calvary. He worked, or rather toiled, daily, and with every pannier full of earth—for John had the assistance of an ass in his labours—he delivered his soul to God in earnest prayer. He prayed that at twelve o'clock, at the time of the parting of Easter Eve and Easter Day, the Holy Jesus would walk along the gravel path next to the mount Calvary. He prayed, too, that if any man—no woman would of course be permitted in these sacred precincts—should go forth to meet our Lord at that hour and ask of him a question, he would receive an answer to his need.

But the monk, knowing how often even the words of Jesus, when falsely reported, can bear sinful fruit, prayed that the Saviour should make no new scripture in his reply, but should answer in the very same words—though not of necessity using every one of them—that he had spoken when he walked in the garden of the earth.

Monk John died of disappointment. For no one, during the twenty-three years that he lived after he had built Calvary, and newly gravelled Jesus' Walk—to do so he had the aid of his faithful ass—had ever ventured to seek the Saviour's message at the Easter hour. John's disappointment, had he lived on, would have been a lasting one, because for more than five hundred years, since the hour of his fervent prayer, even as far as these modern times, no man had gone out to meet the Lord. But the story of the prayer was still told, the legend believed, in the countryside, and the gravel path near to the mound is still named "Jesus' Walk." . . .

Not far from Lindon Abbey there lived a year or two ago a jovial and crafty innkeeper, whose name was Mr. Wiseman. He owned his own house, and so could buy his drink where he chose, and, though the hamlet where the house was, on Lindon Heath, was but a poor matter of some dozen or two cottages, and there lived in these only plain simple working-people, Mr. Wiseman was regarded as a man of substance.

In a poor neighbourhood a small man may be esteemed rich, and so he is too, when compared with his less fortunate neighbours. Mr. Wiseman never expected to do the same large business at the "Half-Moon" inn that was done at the "Black Boar" at Lindon, which was so happily situated near to the main road, and so suitable a place for callers. But, for all that, Mr. Wiseman meant to be one day known to a wider and more spending public than the landlord of the "Black Boar" could ever be.

In Mr. Wiseman's house there was little that belonged to him, except the natural fixtures that went with the inn, for the furniture, as everyone knew—and Mrs. Wiseman never forgot to say so—was his wife's. The cellar was a different matter, for there Mr. Wiseman had stored a large purchase that he had made of old sherry, which consisted of more than forty dozen bottles. Mr. Wiseman thought that he had a great bargain when he bought the sherry at a London auction. In that opinion no one could refute him, for he alone had tasted the wine.

A rather unusual theory of Mr. Wiseman's may be mentioned here, which he more than once expressed upon the subject of advertisement. For Mr. Wiseman had observed to one or two of his cronies, "One advertisement should last a lifetime, and make a man's fortune, and all that a man has may sometimes be spent to insure his future welfare."

Mr. Wiseman, though a very good companion, and able to drink a glass when it was offered to him, had not the reputation of being particularly kind to his wife, though in one way they both had one heart, which was the manner and method of getting more wealth.

Mr. Wiseman had religion, his denomination, founded by John Wesley in 1791, was Wesleyan. Mr. Wiseman himself preached. He was never tired of preaching against the sin of covetousness. The little chapel upon the heath was well filled, the elect came there. When Mr. Wiseman noticed a stranger there, dressed in a decent suit, he would speak of the extraordinary blessing that came to a man who gave lavishly. For one shilling put in the bag he promised a hundred, for one pound a thousand.

Mr. Wiseman's religion was not only for Sundays, he used to preach on weekdays, too, at fairs or markets. He would even, when he had sold, for a good price, the goods he had brought with him, mount a barrel and preach repentance to the merrymakers, never forgetting to make a collection, as well as to pray as a last word. There were many, good people too, some even came from as far away as Madder, who would come and talk with Mr. Wiseman and drink to his good fortune, both here and hereafter.

Mr. Wiseman was well versed in Bible reading, and knew too the best time to make fruit preserves, as well as how to make ketchup. He was a man who always had ready money in his pocket to pay his debts. Any venture of his, either in business or pleasure, Mr. Wiseman never failed to talk over with his friends when he visited them, and so, when he made the bold resolve to go to Jesus' Walk at Lindon Abbey on Easter Eve to hear what the Saviour had to say to him out of the scriptures, he received all the encouragement that he needed, for everyone wished to know what Jesus would say to him. His enemies—and what creature born into this world has not someone to hate him?—hoped and prayed that Mr. Wiseman, landlord of the "Half-Moon," would be served no better than a mangy pharisee, and be told that he devoured widows' houses.

At the "Black Boar" of Lindon, as well as at the "Half-Moon," all the talk was now about the daring visit that Mr. Wiseman intended to pay to the haunted Abbey.

When the evening before Easter came, Mr. Wiseman did not appear in the least nervous about his night's business, although a friendly minister who preached sometimes at the heath chapel, and who was a little jealous of the congregations that Mr. Wiseman drew there—for at his own chapel at Enmore he never took half the money at the door—told him that he feared our Lord would take him for a money-changer, and use a whip to him, so that he would return from his visit faster than he went.

But no expectations of such a nature seemed to trouble honest Mr. Wiseman, who ate as good a supper as usual and drank his quart with a friend in the greatest good-humour before he walked out to go alone to the Abbey.

The entrance-fee, as charged to the public, is sixpence, but Mr. Jones very rightly demanded that Mr. Wiseman, coming at that late hour and disturbing honest folk's sleep,

should pay the sum of one shilling. And Mr. Wiseman, though he protested loudly, was forced to pay. He had not waited more than three minutes in Jesus' Walk, before a figure, so well known to all the world that we need not describe Him, moved slowly along the walk, with His head bowed as though in the deepest sorrow.

Mr. Wiseman said, " Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life ? "

Jesus said unto him, " If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor." And Jesus passed on slowly and sadly, and was lost in the dimness of the path.

The caretaker was waiting beside the gate to let Mr. Wiseman out, and showed no surprise when Mr. Wiseman told him that he had seen the Lord, and what was said at the meeting.

Anyone who has followed us thus far in our little history might suppose, considering our hero's character for caution, that he waited for a little to talk the matter over with his wife before he ordered all to be sold, preparatory to giving every penny to the poor.

But, upon Easter Day, Mr. Wiseman—although the day was Sunday, which caused some scandal—called in witnesses and other respectable elders to see that he neither hid or laid by anything for himself, recollecting the fate of the unfortunate couple who lied in their action to St. Peter.

As soon as matters had been settled, and the advertisement that gave the date of the sale sent to the papers, as well as the carefully worded account of the wonderful command that had been received from Jesus Christ, Mr. Wiseman went away joyfully to do as he was bid.

When the sale was over, Mr. Wiseman carried the auctioneer's cheque—nine hundred and sixty-three pounds, ten shillings and fourpence—to the bank and asked the cashier to give him nine hundred and sixty-three pound notes, which amount of money, that gentleman, who had read about the matter in the papers—that made a great stir about it—at once handed over the counter as well as the balance of ten shillings and fourpence. This latter small sum Mr. Wiseman placed in the chapel poor-box before a large congregation the very next Sunday.

One thing may here be noted, which was the luck that followed Mr. Wiseman as soon as ever he decided to obey the grand order. For it happened that just when he had no home to go to, the " Black Boar " hotel at Lindon was to be let, and the owners, without the least hesitation, invited Mr. Wiseman, with the greatest politeness, to take that house. They waved aside the trouble of the in-going expenses with a friendly smile, observing that, as they had known Mr. Wiseman as an honest and careful man for many years, and as one who had no fear to meet his Lord, they would trust him to settle at another time.

The very next day after Mr. Wiseman had cashed his cheque, he asked the minister of a neighbouring chapel to count the nine hundred and sixty-three pound notes into a tin box, that he carried to a heap of stones that was a few hundred yards away from the " Black Boar," upon the Weyminster High Road, and began to hand out to the poor who came by—a pound note to each.

In a surprisingly short time a very large number of the poor came to ask for this largesse, amongst whom Mr. Wiseman recognised all his neighbours and friends, including the clergy and professional gentlemen and farmers of the district who, whatever their incomes were, had always called themselves poor. One amongst them, Mr. Wiseman did chide a little, for this gentleman—the one who was envious of Mr. Wiseman's collection—came three times in the press to demand the money.

Indeed, the only unlucky ones were the police-officers, who were there to control the crowd and, being dressed in uniform, did not deem it seemly to be regarded as beggars. But to these Mr. Wiseman observed, with a wink, that if they would not be too nice about the times in which his friends came to drink at the " Black Boar," he would be able to make them a good recompense for what they had lost that day.

One can easily imagine, with so many pounds in the world, what a fine trade and profit Mrs. Wiseman made at the " Black Boar " upon this day of generous giving. And, even while Mr. Wiseman was away in the road, a very large portion of the money that he had already given away returned safely to the till, for, no sooner did the brewery unload its twenty barrels, than it had to hurry back to Stonebridge for more drink.

When all was over, and the Wisemans comfortably settled in their new home, one may be sure that the business that they did grew by leaps and bounds, for who would not wish to drink with a man who had once given away all that he had at the command of the Divine Master ? The many rooms at the " Black Boar " never wanted guests, and as the demand so the price, for who, indeed, could grudge a paltry pound for a night's lodging to a man who had given away that very sum, by hundreds, to the poor ? Within less than a month, Mr. Wiseman had paid the debt to the owners of the brewery that supplied drink to the inn, who, in consideration of the large sales of wine and spirits, reduced the rent.

In a short time Mr. Wiseman became rich. There was one small matter which did, for a while, cause Mr. Wiseman a little uneasiness, which was that an action at law was brought against the firm of auctioneers who sold Mr. Wiseman's sherry, for when the gentleman who bought that lot tasted the wine, that was described as fine old pale sherry, he discovered that it should have been called bad vinegar. But, in reply to the lawyer who wrote to him, Mr. Wiseman observed that, as all the money had gone to the poor, the poor must pay his fees, which the lawyers of both parties considered most just and proper.

Many years passed, and Mr. Wiseman—a man of wealth now—was drinking in cheerful mood with his friends one Easter Eve. One of them, after emptying his glass to Mr. Wiseman's health and prosperity, asked him, with a loud laugh, whether he would not wish to go to Jesus' Walk again, in order to hear what the Saviour would have now to say to him.

Mr. Wiseman had just concluded a droll story about a young woman, with whom he used to be merry, and so, having laughed with the rest, he observed very shrewdly that a rich man, who had once obeyed the divine command, and had given all he had to the poor, must be saved eternally.

Mr. Wiseman drank to the Lord. T. F. POWYS

VERLAINE AS HE WAS

Verlaine Tel Qu'il Fut. By FRANCOIS PORCHÉ. *Flammarion.* 18*fr.*

Of all literary landmarks to which the London County Council has affixed its modest wedgwood-blue disc, none, I suppose, is more generally unvisited and unregarded than No. 34 Howland Street, off the Tottenham Court Road. Placed there originally at the suggestion of that distinguished critic and urbane francophil, Mr. Francis Birrell, this blue tab denotes the house-front behind which Paul Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud lived through the stormy, passionate, improper but glorious weeks of their second elopement and first flight to London. Inspired by the commercial grandeur of a metropolis even more grim, monotonous and soul-saddening than it is to day, Rimbaud bought himself a top hat. Imagine the two of them, *Vierge Folle* and *Epoux Infernal*, Verlaine with his magnificent socratic forehead, his small crafty features, his shabby macfarlane and knobbed, truncheon-like stick, Rimbaud in a brand new *haut de forme*, with his flushed sulky face, his pale-blue blazing eyes and clumsy beefsteak-red hands, as they promenaded up and down interminable gas-lit streets, in and out of interminable flaring public houses, through the crowd of prostitutes and loungers with whom Verlaine came presently to feel almost at home. The women especially Verlaine observed with a knowing and critical glance. He hated London ; its enormity and monotony surprised but, in the end, did not wholly displease him. " Plat comme une punaise qui serait noire, London ! " he scribbled back to a boon-companion in Paris " . . . Petites maisons noirousses, ou grands bahuts ' gothiques ' et ' vénetiens ' . . . Des cafés propres, nix, nix ! . . . Chapitre des femmes ; chignons incroyables . . . Toutes jolies avec une expression méchante et des voix d'anges . . . On ne peut croire tout le charme qu'il y a dans cette petite phrase *'old . .'* "

CHRISTMAS PLEASURES

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have;
And a few friends and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!

ABRAHAM COWLEY
From 'The English Galaxy'

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DENT BOOKS MAY BE HAD AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

But M. Francois Porché, who transcribes this letter for our benefit in an appendix to his fascinating *Verlaine Tel Qu'il Fut*, does not appear quite to have fathomed the horrifying anatomical significance of that innocent-sounding, one-syllable word with which the houris of Oxford Street and the Tottenham Court Road—" d'exquises miss à la longue jupe de satin groseille, jaspée de boue, tigrée de consommes épandues, trouée de chiures de cigarettes "—made so wantonly free in the neighbourhood of an impressionable young foreigner.

Verlaine, however, though he had already skimmed the surface of heterosexual debauchery and one day, with the assistance of those two elderly viragos, Philomène Boudin and Eugénie Krantz, would plumb its slimiest and darkest depths, was at present preoccupied by a more romantic type of devotion. Rimbaud's seducer —or so M. Porché likes to think—he was also his companion's victim and slave. It was here at 34 Howland Street, and later in Camden Town, that *Une Saison en Enfer* was consummated; here that the terrible resolutions that afterwards took shape in Rimbaud's great prose-poem were first hatched by that astonishing and ruthless mind. Verlaine might beg Rimbaud, with tears and protestations, never, never to desert him; but Rimbaud was conscious that a splendid and sterile destiny called him far away—from Verlaine, weak, lovable, half-feminine creature; from Paris and its literary sects, the *Parnassiens* and others, on whom he had made so little impression; from Charleville, the dull provincial town in which he had been brought up; from the long dusty roads and welcoming cabarets of France and Belgium. " Il faudra que je m'en aille, très loin, un jour." Meanwhile, he might grapple with his " pitiable brother " in a squalid, incessant turmoil of lust and hatred, the two young men—Verlaine was twenty-eight, Rimbaud eighteen—when their mutual exasperation had passed a certain limit, each snatching up a knife and wrapping its blade in a napkin, leaving the point bare, for the purposes of a physical, as well as an emotional and moral, duel; but neither of them could change his predestined course. Rimbaud at bottom was a lonely puritan; debauchery and degradation were but the acid tests to which he had submitted the upright and enduring spirit inherited from a devout peasant mother. Very soon he had outgrown his early experiences; " sans doute la débauche est bête, le vice est bête; il faut jeter la pourriture à l'écart." Even poetry was rapidly ceasing to interest him; " moi! moi qui me suis dit mage ou ange, dispensé de toute morale, je suis rendu au sol, avec un devoir à chercher, et la réalité rugueuse à étreindre! " For Rimbaud a wider sphere of activity, wealth, above all, and the power it brings, won at the cost of ferocious effort. " Il faut être absolument moderne "; the new top hat was a symbol of his determination.

A second visit to London sealed Verlaine's doom. M. Porché does not make a very edifying story out of the quarrelsome, grasping, embittered relationship of the two great poets; but he admits that it was the dramatic climax of Verlaine's life. On Rimbaud's account, he spent eighteen months in a Belgian prison; and in prison he rediscovered Catholicism. His conversion, which produced *Sagesse*, was followed by several years of comparative sobriety and respectability. No longer did he drink absinthe till " the green sorceress " had inspired him to fits of uncontrollable homicidal rage; no longer did he attack his mother or violate, with oaths and obscenity, the penetralia of family life, as when, staggering home full of alcohol, he had smashed the three sacred bottles in which Madame Verlaine *mère*—otherwise a sensible and not at all morbid old lady—preserved the results of the three miscarriages that had preceded her only son's birth. He yearned for a reconciliation with Mathilde; but his wife, who had had protracted and painful experience of Verlaine drunk, was not to be softened by the pleadings of Verlaine sober; and as a solitary and unobtrusive pedagogue, in East Anglia, near Bournemouth and in the French provinces, he was obliged to expiate the follies and disasters of his early career. Then the grasp of piety began to relax; Lucien Létinois was a poor substitute for Arthur Rimbaud, but he awoke the same passion (celebrated after Lucien's death in *Amour*) and eventually led his protector to the same excesses. Few narratives make more pathetic reading than the story of Verlaine's later years. Yet he had now achieved fame; and it may be that, in his miserable slum lodging, with his crippled leg, his two much-loved furies constantly in attendance, backed up by the côterie of respectful young poets, who deferred to him and called him " cher maître," Verlaine was not unhappy. Squalor, after all, suited his temperament; and the squalor in which Verlaine chose to live was not the picturesquely dishevelled bohemianism which very often passes by that name. It was of an inveterate and almost subhuman kind; Marcel Schwob, quoted by M. Porché, describes a visit to Verlaine's room, where the poet lay comatose after a drinking bout, with details worthy of Zola or the Goncourts at their most naturalistic. Yet there was a Racine within reach of that hideous bed, and the poet could still write verses of such crystalline transparency and clarity as the sonnet on Parsifal which concludes with the celebrated and often quoted line:

Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

In Verlaine, the *nostalgie de la boue* was no mere literary affectation. Many writers have been haunted by a sense of sin. Byron sinned flippantly, to repent pompously, romantically and self-consciously; the cynical adventures of Donne's youth precipitated a train of regrets, re-echoed in an agonising and eloquent form throughout his entire middle-age; Dostoevsky invented the " great sinner," the man who cannot help feeling a little proud of his own immoral achievement. Verlaine, on the other hand, transgressed the restrictions he had set himself with the regularity of a dog or cat helplessly attracted to a particular corner of the drawing-room carpet. Whether or no we envisage sin as a spiritual reality, we must at any rate allow that the awareness of sin is a psychological fact and that, for Verlaine, it amounted to an emotional need. He must sin flagrantly that he might repent exquisitely; it was only against a background of squalor, turmoil and degradation that the poet, whose early experience of love had been confined to the promiscuity of a cheap brothel, could bring to life the enchanting and immortal images of youth, purity and freshness:

Ah! les oarystis! les premières maîtresses!
L'or des cheveux, l'azur des yeux, la fleur des chairs,
Et puis, parmi l'odeur des corps jeunes et chers,
La spontanéité craintive des caresses.

—only after exploring the other extreme, the world of dreary doxies and furious catamites, that he could arrive at the transparency, simplicity and consummate lyric grace which characterise some of his finest poems.

PETER QUENNELL

EDWARD VII

King Edward and His Times. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

The secret of King Edward's popularity and the legend with regard to his statesmanship arose merely out of a question of manner—not his manners, they were not specially remarkable, but his manner was. In his early youth he reacted against the Prince Consort's efforts to educate him, nevertheless the curriculum imposed on him endowed him with the mastery of two foreign languages in which he could make impromptu speeches. From his mother he inherited a certain dignity of bearing and the capacity of remembering even trivial incidents connected with all and sundry who were brought into contact with him. To this he added a special geniality and *bonhomie* which put people at their ease, and a talent for superficial reference to men and affairs which seemed to imply a reserve of knowledge and perspicacity. He would pass along a line of guests, thus preventing the awkward pauses which must result from their passing before him, and like a skilful billiard player he would calculate ahead, preparing in his mind the time to be devoted to each and the exactly appropriate remark which would please. The joke accompanied by the infectious wheezing laugh; the serious inquiry with regard to health; the remembered condolence on a bereavement; the passing comment on a sporting event; the hint of scandal in a close whisper, or the judicious reference to a political incident, each contributed to his well-merited reputation for royal tact. And so it was that even statesmen and diplomatists, as well as the smaller fry, were taken in. His position, of course, gave him unique opportunities of seeing and hearing the most eminent people both at home and abroad; and each of them when they heard him quote the others and give utterance to observations which he had picked up, but were not founded on his own study or knowledge, attributed to him a sagacity he did not possess. It was all façade, admirably decorated façade, but façade with nothing behind it. Queen Victoria has been blamed for not allowing him to see State papers of importance even when he reached middle age. But she knew perfectly well he would not read them. He could not take the trouble. If any were sent, they were either left on his desk or on the floor for others to read, or treated like the document supplied by the Foreign Office, which was handed unread to the German Emperor, for whose eyes it was most certainly not prepared. But there was " the manner " all the time, and foreign

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statesmen more especially could not believe that it did not indicate a profundity of special knowledge. His interferences in foreign affairs were sometimes embarrassing, but generally negligible; and his own Ministers, watching him discourse with such ease and fluency with some foreign notable at the time of a crisis, were naturally anxious lest a *gaffe*, which would have to be repaired, might not drop from the guttural flow of seemingly impressive talk. He knew as much as could be picked up from casual talks and gossip, but nothing more. He neither exercised any control over foreign affairs nor indeed did he desire to. He was no more a "peace-maker" than he was a "war-maker." All the legends about his influence, his interference and his diplomatic skill arose out of this capacity to play a part like an actor who says his lines well without understanding what they mean.

M. Maurois' renowned skill as a biographer would seem, therefore, rather to be wasted on a figure which no amount of analysis can transform into an interesting psychological study. While the author adorns his tale to the utmost with picturesque touches of court ceremonial and visits, and spices it with as much anecdote as he has been able to collect, he himself appears to be aware that he cannot make a façade into a building. Indeed, the frontispiece portrait he has inserted seems to have been chosen as a pictorial declaration of this fact.

But just as the real and deep significance of the years 1901 to 1910 was not King Edward, but what was going on while he reigned, so the great value of M. Maurois' book is not his picture of King Edward, but the survey of "His Times." The tangled course of events both domestic and foreign are set out with admirable clarity, and the little etchings of the various statesmen and diplomatists are not only skilful in themselves but help to explain how much politics and policies depend on the interplay of personalities. The author's well-known and sympathetic understanding both of English life and the British temperament enables him to trace the course of events as well as any Englishman could in the years in which the origins were being moulded by international diplomacy of the great catastrophe which was to shatter international relations. The author might well have illuminated rather more with the brilliant touches of his pen the portrait of the outstanding figure of the French Ambassador. M. Paul Cambon will be remembered as one of the subtlest and most astute diplomatists whom even France, the home of high diplomacy, has ever produced. "His tact, his calm and his preciseness," to which he added a pretended inability to speak English, were only, like his grey top-hat, an outward guise. Underneath this a quick, far-seeing mind was working out future moves, manipulating the circumstances of the moment, and with almost uncanny penetration grasping the character and disposition of the statesman with whom he had to deal. Little wonder that the Foreign Secretary in the years before 1914 was as clay in his hands, and found himself tangled in a carefully woven net which Cambon had allowed him to declare as often as he liked was not a chain. With very few slips M. Maurois tells the story of these years fairly from the British point of view, and there can be little doubt that historians of the future will continue to delve into this period in a hope of being able to explain to posterity the particular form of human folly which allowed the nations to drift into an abyss. The apportionment of blame is in any case a fruitless task. But if King Edward need be introduced into the picture at all, the discord amounting to antipathy which existed between him and the Kaiser, between uncle and nephew, between tactful nescience and tactless omniscience, certainly acted as a barrier to the progress of conciliation between their two countries. But the influence of monarchs is easily over-estimated; and this is because an almost superstitious regard for high position, court atmosphere, pomp, circumstances and their attendant glamour is apt in a subtle way to turn the heads even of men who have the real power in their own hands.

PONSONBY

Books again this Christmas!

THE LATER WORDSWORTH

The Later Wordsworth. By EDITH BATHO. *Cambridge University Press.* 16*s.*

Most critics have agreed with Matthew Arnold that though Wordsworth wrote verse for sixty years, "within one single decade, 1798–1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced"; and they have been eager to account for this premature decline of poetic genius. A majority of them has accepted in some form or other the solution offered by Shelley in his *Peter Bell*—of a poet "quitting the glorious calling of discovering and announcing the beautiful and good to support and propagate ignorant prejudices and pernicious errors . . . a man gifted with the highest qualities of genius must, if he fostered such errors, be infected with dulness"; some recent critics have attributed both the loss of his poetic power and his so-called apostasy to a deadening of soul, consequent upon what they conceive to have been his desertion of Annette Vallon, and his refusal, in his subsequent relations with her, to act according to the promptings of his better nature. And so the notion is still too widely current that the older Wordsworth, after a cowardly surrender of his youthful idealism, became a narrow, conventional Tory and Churchman, a dreary companion who vainly strove to conceal his intellectual and moral sterility in a pompous egoism, and was at his ease only in the centre of an adoring circle, chiefly composed of clergymen and old ladies, who could be relied upon not to contradict him.

In her able and timely book Miss Edith Batho has collected and re-examined a mass of material bearing on the poet's character and opinions in his later life, with a view to determining how far the popular conception is justified. The easiest part of her task lay in vindicating his character. Just as Miss Darbishire, in her recent edition of *The Early Lives of Milton*, proved that the repellent personality usually ascribed to Milton was the invention of malicious Royalists, so Miss Batho has shown that the caricature that often passes for a portrait of the older Wordsworth owes most of its features to political opponents, of whom some barely knew him, and others, like Hazlitt, had personal reasons, not altogether to their credit, for their dislike. In the light of the evidence she puts before us Wordsworth reassumes his true character—honest and sincere, with far wider sympathies both literary and social than he is commonly credited with; a devoted friend, who ranked among his intimates men of all shades of opinion; to the end of his life a vital independent personality. The old man who impressed Mill with the "extensive range of his thoughts and the largeness and expansiveness of his feelings," of whom Carlyle said "Never but once had I seen a stronger intellect, a more luminous and veracious power of insight," may have ceased to be a poet, but there was no touch of intellectual dishonesty or senility about him. And Miss Batho's lucid summary of all the facts known of Wordsworth's relations with Annette should help future critics to see that episode in its true colours and in its proper perspective.

The growing conservatism of Wordsworth's later years cannot be so triumphantly dismissed; but it should at least be understood, even by those who have less sympathy with it than Miss Batho. His own defence is well-known: "If I were addressing those who have dealt so liberally with the words renegade, apostate, etc., I should retort the charge upon them, and say, You have been deluded by places and persons, while I have stuck to principles. I abandoned France and her rulers, when they abandoned the struggle for liberty, gave themselves up to tyranny and endeavoured to enslave the world." And it is, at least, unfortunate for the arguments of those who put down his loss of inspiration to his "apostasy," that he had "abandoned France" before he had written any real poetry. Any time during the Napoleonic wars, which synchronised with his great poetic period, he would have voted Tory with as much conviction as in his later life.

There was from the first a strong element of conservatism in his nature. That society into which he was born gave, he thought, the freest opportunities for the exercise of the simple virtues he most dearly prized, and his attraction to the French Revolution sprang from the belief that now at last the people of France would gain a like freedom. At home he saw much that fell short of his ideal, but even at the height of his enthusiasm for the new France he "recoiled from the very idea of a revolution" for his own country. Only a little later he found that power in the hands of a people as yet incompetent to wield it had brought to France not liberty, but first chaos and then the despotism of Napoleon; and it was the fear of a similar disaster in England that prompted

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"'You must live here always,' said the King. 'I don't think I will do that,' said Absolom, 'I don't like the Queen's face much.'"

* * * *

"The maid said, 'Come in, then, but don't stay to dinner; I've got enough work to do with one.'"

* * * *

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his alliance with the Tories. "Those," says Mr. T. S. Eliot in his latest volume, "who speak of Wordsworth as the original Lost Leader should pause and consider that when a man takes politics and social affairs seriously the difference between revolution and reaction may be by the breadth of a hair; and that Wordsworth may possibly have been no renegade but a man who thought, so far as he thought at all, for himself." In his opposition to the Reform Bill and other Liberal measures he may have been mistaken, though a glance at Europe to-day should make it easier for us to appreciate his line of thought than it was twenty years ago. But in the motive that prompted him there was nothing of reaction; whilst on other questions he showed himself far in advance of all contemporary political thought. The man who, in the first half of the nineteenth century, could expose the slavery of the factory system as

> oppression, whose defence
> Rests on a hollow plea of recompense;
> . . . . . .
> That to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth
> Of Nations," sacrifice a People's health,
> Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
> Is ever urging on the vast machine
> Of sleepless Labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
> The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels,

who protested against the combination of masters to keep down the price of labour; who asserted that "I have no respect for the Whigs, but I have a greal deal of the Chartist in me"; who contended that "all persons who cannot find employment, or procure wages sufficient to support the body in health and strength, are entitled to a maintenance by law," can hardly be dismissed contemptuously as an apostate to his early faith.

In the movement of Wordsworth's religious thought towards a creed more definitely Christian there was a deeper change than in his politics, even if there is no actual inconsistency. Miss Batho seems to under-rate this change, certainly not to regret it. It is true enough that the poet's innate conservatism made him love the Church even when its doctrine counted for little with him, but if its influence over his boyhood had been as potent as Miss Batho would have us believe there would surely be some indication of it in the first two books of *The Prelude*. And in her defence of his later position (which, as she rightly insists, was never orthodox) she slurs over the fact that, after all, his unique spiritual message is to be found in his earlier work, and there alone. Hence her apologia carries less conviction than that put forward by that profound Wordsworthian scholar Hale White, in his *Examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth* (1898). Hale White was a Radical and no churchman, but though his sympathies were with the poet of *Tintern Abbey* he could yet do ample justice to the integrity of Wordsworth's religious life. Wordsworth, he said, "worshipped the true God alone, from the days of the *Lyrical Ballads* to his death, and set up no shrine to Baal. His religion was like that of the Wanderer,

> Who, to the model of his own pure heart
> Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
> And human reason dictated with awe,

but he conformed—in his own way—to the rites of the Church of England. That is a fact, and we must take it simply as it stands. If it be said that he *could* not have conformed if he had remained what he was when he wrote *The Prelude*, I deny the conclusion absolutely."

But, it may be asked, granting that Wordsworth was no renegade, that his soul was not atrophied by a cowardly surrender, and a remorse he could not stifle, how are we to account for his poetic decline? Miss Batho is so intent on her vindication of his essential consistency of thought that she does not give a decisive answer, and the careless reader might even suppose that she did not recognise the decline. But by the evidence she has collected as to the poet's acute eye-trouble, which made continuous and concentrated intellectual effort difficult and often impossible for him, she has at least suggested a contributory cause. Another cause may be found in the dissipation of his energies. In his great period, though his political and national interests were keen enough, poetry was his vocation; as time went on public affairs tended more and more to distract him. He himself asserted in 1833 that although he was known to the world only as a poet, he had "given twelve hours' thought to the condition and prospects of society for one to poetry." And on these matters he not merely thought; he felt intensely. "Poor father," wrote his daughter in 1831, "is so overpowered by the horrors which seem to him to hang over this hitherto favoured spot of earth he can neither think, nor write, nor talk of any other topic." This is not the state of mind from which great poetry springs. But I would suggest further that Wordsworth wrote little more that is of value because the work that he was born to do was done. He had delivered his essential message. His genius was always intense rather than discursive. He could never, like Shakespeare or Chaucer, enter into the lives of all sorts and conditions of men; he had not the broad epic sweep of Milton. His poetry is all the expression of profound and intimate personal experience. He had produced it at the cost of a nervous strain which has no parallel among other poets, and in the process he wore out his creative energy, and was left prematurely old. Even when that energy was at its height he knew that that mysterious faculty which transmutes intense experience into poetic vision was not his to summon at will:

> the hiding-places of my power
> Seem open; I approach, and then they close;
> I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,
> May scarcely see at all.

The spirit bloweth where it listeth.

In later life he himself admitted to a loss of "courage, in the sense the word bears when applied by Chaucer to the animation of birds in the springtime." His creative vitality, that extra power by reason of which the man of thought and feeling becomes a poet, had ebbed and was exhausted. The later Wordsworth, whom Miss Batho has presented with such skill and sympathy, is a more attractive personality, a more consistent thinker, a greater man than he is ordinarily conceived; but he is only fitfully a poet. Miss Batho's book is interesting throughout; it is well-informed, well-written, and at times eloquent: a notable contribution to scholarship.

E. DE SELINCOURT

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Most children feel a spontaneous interest in animals, and it is certainly ministered to by the remainder of this list. We feel that the best in this kind, like Mr. Driberg's delightful story of a lion cub, recently published, can never be reserved for the children, but will be as eagerly read by any grown-up person. Perhaps this is a good test to keep in mind.

On the dust-wrappers of both *A Zoo Holiday* and *Muddy Paws* there is a sentence by Lord Baden-Powell which is enough to make any self-respecting child throw the book on the fire. It runs: "Any youngsters who are sensible and not little gumpts will read this book with real enjoyment." Proper children, as opposed to "youngsters who are sensible," decide for themselves which books to enjoy, without regard to the approbation of scoutmasters. Nevertheless, the books are both good of their kind, combining interest with instruction, as Lord B.-P. might have said. *Muddy Paws* is a story of breeding collies for show purposes, the other

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title explains itself. Personally we think that Mr. Edmond Selous, in his *Tommy Smith at the Zoo*, published about ten years ago, did the same thing rather better.

Friends at the Zoo is based on a series of very good photographs of a little girl who appears to have no fear of the animals, and is posed with them. These are the same photos that are sold as postcards in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. The print is large and the text simple, it would do for quite small children.

Before Breakfast will be acceptable to even younger ones. The drawings are in outline and the text in capitals. The idea is that the pictures may be coloured with chalks, preferably in that awkward time when children are inconveniently awake and sitting up in their cots, whilst their elders are trying desperately to snatch a last delicious snooze. Hence the title.

With so many captivating cats and delightful dogs—not to mention all the rest of the alphabet—already written of, it is no wonder that Miss Englefield has had to creep down to the caterpillar for a heroine. Soon it will be the turn of some of man's less pleasant parasites! The illustrations are very effective, but all this spate of anthropomorphism has gone wrong somewhere. *Taddy Tadpole* is another dear little creature who might be a polite small boy in his first kindergarten. His friends happen to be called "Newt" and "Stickleback," but they're really big boys and grumpy old colonels. Why should children read this sort of book? Animal books in which the creatures are not masquerading as human beings are all very well. The essence of the matter is that the animal who talks must retain its animal character, and must be as clearly conceived as a good character in a novel. The seal in *Dr. Doolittle's Circus* behaves sealishly, thinks as—we imagine—a seal thinks, she is never a thinly veiled woman, though on a famous occasion a heavily veiled one. Alternatively, of course, the characters can be convincing original creations, neither like people or animals, such as the Mock Turtle, but they won't satisfy if they are simply mediocre humans with animal names.

The Book of Baby Birds gives short stories about more than fifty of our better-known birds, easy to read, and brightly illustrated. It would be very suitable for the six to tens, though by the latter age the real bird-lovers will need more exact information.

Three White Stockings is a story about horses in Ireland, put into the mouth of one of them; a less sentimental, but also less interesting *Black Beauty*.

The four remaining books can genuinely be classed together; they are all suitable for much older children, and they are all realistic, if not true, stories about wild animals. I should except the large omnibus volume, edited by Ernest Thompson Seton, which is divided into myths, fables and fairy-tales, as well as real life stories. The latter are well distinguished by the editor into those in which Man, as hunter, is the hero, and those in which the story is written from the animal's point of view. Like all omnibus books this collection seems to give amazing value for money. There are 116 stories, including extracts from *Uncle Remus* and *Black Beauty* (the latter under Fairy-tales, why?), *Rab and His Friends*, *Tarka the Otter*, and other really good tales. One is surprised to find Balzac's moving little love-story in a children's book, and one wonders why Mr. Thompson Seton should have rewritten Southey, substituting the egregious Goldilocks for the little old woman, and why he should have included the "Jabberwocky" (without Humpty Dumpty's explanation either). It is sad to think of the mome raths and borogroves dwindling into mere animals; I suspect the editor of wanting to drag in Carroll's name at all costs. Nevertheless, this book can be recommended as a very sound choice in Christmas presents, and will last even if the Christmas holidays are particularly wet. There are no illustrations, which, considering the average level, is no bad thing.

An honourable exception is Mr. Roberts' book, which is charmingly illustrated in a slightly Japanese manner by Miss Dorothy Burroughes. The scene, as usual, is laid in the Canadian woods, and those who are already familiar with this author's work will not be disappointed, whilst new readers will determine to get hold of the predecessors. The style is as direct and satisfying as ever, and the stories admirable. We particularly like the story of a persian cat who was lost in the woods and reverted to the wild state, and the human beings, who are perhaps more to the fore than hitherto, are as convincing and well drawn as the animals, which is saying a good deal.

Mrs. Gask's book, which is a compilation from the works of many well-known hunters, retold for children, is decidedly written from the point of view of man, whilst Mrs. Edwin, who is the daughter of Sir Arthur Thomson, writes, like Mr. Roberts, from the animal's side. By giving *Wild Life Stories* we save four shillings, and give the children less chance of growing up into one of the It's-rare-let's-shoot-it nuisances.

IVY ELSTOB

TO BE LEFT ABOUT

Winter Holiday. By ARTHUR RANSOME. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Knights at Bay. By PHILIP LINDSAY. *Blackwell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Dick Willoughby. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Blackwell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
King Richard's Land. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Dent.* 5*s.*

These authors have all distinguished themselves in other fields. Mr. Ransome, for example, has written of worlds very different from that of his Swallows and Amazons. But to me, at least, he is the unobtrusive man to whom the children run out of the hot house for a breath of frosty air when uncles and aunts, cooks and conjurors, the whimsical, the elderly ramping and the heavily jocular have done their best and worst with them. There he is, in the winter lane, getting on with his work. He will stop and help you with yours if you want him to; he will talk in language you can understand if you ask him questions; he knows a wonderful lot of the most useful things. And if you don't want anything you can just hang comfortably around and watch him. You needn't even bother when you are out with him. He is your sort.

In *Winter Holiday* Mr. Ransome has done it again, though what it is is hardly definable, for in a sense this is nothing but a plainly written tale of children at play on the ice. This time the lake country of the Swallows and Amazons is invaded by Dick and Dorothea, the D.'s, who are sent to Dixon's Farm for the last week of the Christmas holidays. After seeing that the D.'s are of the right stuff, Captain Nancy admits them to Eskimo status. It freezes and it snows. Will the lake, with the North Pole at its far end, bear before term is upon them? No; but Captain Nancy, resourceful to the last, develops mumps and gives the rest of them three quarantine weeks of skates, sledges, igloo hut construction, expeditions to Spitzbergen and across Greenland, and nefarious occupation of Captain Flint's icebound yacht. Preparations are made for the dash to the Pole, but by the miscarriage of a signal the D.'s set out by sailing sledge alone. A blizzard catches and capsizes them, and after wandering blind in the storm they struggle into a hut. It is the Pole. But they are stranded there, and that night the rest of the searching Eskimos, plus some very worried elders, go out in the storm and reach it also. All this happens in a solid world, which is full of the voices, bodies and appetites, the ardours and endurances, the plans and gear (particularly the gear) of ordinary children. A solid world, but not a dimensioned one. How far to the Pole? As far as one likes, according to one's mood. Mr. Ransome's imagination is as deep and secret as the waters of his lake, his prose is as strong and level as the ice which covered it—a beautiful surface for adventurous skaters of any age. My only regret is that Captain Nancy and her crew must grow up (for Peter Pan is not of this world, there are no fairies at the bottom of this garden). However, we can count on three or four more Christmases in the course of nature.

Winter Holiday contains no weapons, no corpses, no kings, no heroes, no villains, no witches and no tushery. All such are to be found in prime abundance in the other three books. Mr. Lindsay, in particular, is a rare one for a really bloody fight. Having got his young hero to Malta in 1565, when the hosts of Suleyman were massing against the Knights Hospitallers, he is so enthralled by the heroic defence of Cross against Crescent that he does nothing for fifty pages but throw his cloak of glittering prose over the battle:—

> Then the Turks attacked. They made for the three-sided outwork beyond the ditch, the ravelin; they crept forward amongst the network of fortifications that the Knights had built. They pushed ladders against the walls of the ravelin and struggled up on to the heights. The Christians charged again from the fort. Now guns were useless, they were too close for firing, and the Knights were happy—the sword was the Christian weapon, the gun was the pagan one. No smoke now fell between the parties. Rickie could see everything unobserved in the open air. He saw a mass of men sprawling across the ravelin, falling in each other's arms down its sides, sliding into the ditch; a mass of men, tightly wedged, fighting with sword and knife and mace and axe. The scarlet cloaks of the

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> Knights folded against the long blue coats of the janissaries; the white cross of St. John was battling with the curved moon of Islam. Over the ravelin they fought; but from Mount Schebanas from over the counterscarp, more Turks were pouring, hundreds of them, uncounted numbers.

The rhythm of that is worth having, and Mr. Lindsay, after a slow start, has a fine tale to tell, in which his hero is captured by the janissaries, finds and rescues his father (a slave of the Turks), and sails back to Bristol, after the triumph of the Knights, with an idea that there may be room in the world for Turks as well as Christians, and that (unlike his creator) one can have too much of the ravelin-and-javelin business.

Mr. Day Lewis's Dick Willoughby is the son of an Elizabethan seaman who, having lost his parents, is lured to a sinister castle and nearly done to death there by a villainous cousin, who besides coveting his estates is the leader of a Popish plot. Dick, aided by the heroine, escapes, and after sailing the Spanish Main returns to save the Queen's realm, dispatch his cousin, and live happily ever after. Scores of writers for boys must have knocked together these properties: some of them may have been as clever as Mr. Lewis in the invention of ingenious details. But he has swallowed whole the conventions of the zoons-and-tushery school and has made a moving, fresh and vital thing out of shabby tinsel. This is not prose for boys only, and Mr. Lewis, if he had written nothing else, would have signed himself by this tale a poet:

> The morrow dawned fair, with a nipping south-easterly wind. Standing in the waist of the ship Dick watched the mole slip past and the Retribution's two smaller sister ships, the Ark and the May of Lyme, come nosing out of harbour behind them. It was Sunday, the mariners' lucky day for starting a voyage. But the chiming bells of the town were soon drowned by the creak of cordage, the slatting of sails, the shrill whistles of the quartermasters, and the smash and smother as the beak at the vessel's bows began to take the weight of the Channel chop. England receded. Dick's heart leapt with the leaping ship: and somewhere, miles away on their starboard beam, Cynthia was riding the desolate woodlands alone.

Tushery is a new line for Mr. Strong, but having decided to describe the condition of England at the time of the Peasants' Revolt in the guise of a boy's story, he plays the game according to longbow and jerkin rules with a beautiful mastery. He is clearly not so much interested in his two heroes, who are captured by the peasantry on their march to Canterbury and are carried by them to London and to the parleys between Wat Tyler and Richard, as in the clash between the suffering poor and the nobility, and in the contrasted states of town and countryside, princes, priests and serfs. Whether or not this is good history, it is beautifully pointed sociology, and is likely to leave the peasants' cause vivid in a boy's mind long after he has forgotten what the tale is about.

Gift books are not like gift horses, and no one knows what a boy will read. But if, as is wisest, these books are left about where children are, they are all of them of the kind which will be picked up and thankfully carried away.

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DOGS

Dashenka. By KAREL CAPEK. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.
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"What kinda dog is he?" says one Black Crow to another. "What nationality is he?"

"Oh!" says the other, "he's part Sarah Bernhardt."

And after that strange misalliance has been successfully explained away:

"And what's the other part?"

"Oh! he's jas' plain dog, that's about all."

If is, of course, conceivable that there are still "plain dogs" in the world, but reading these five books on dogs and their owners one can hardly believe it any longer. It would be interesting to offer a prize for a plain dog. There would, of course, be no entries, since every dog-owner in the country from the merest child with a fat Spaniel to the stoutest lady with a Pekingese would be as reluctant to confess to a plain dog as a parent to a plain child. The pedigree of one's family no longer matters; but the pedigree of one's dogs can put one with the elect or with the damned. One of Mr. Chesterton's characters somewhere declares: "I can stand a dog so long as it isn't spelt backwards." The plain fact is that thousands of people have always spelt dog backwards, and the dictator who could arise and talk about the divine right of dogs would find himself in power in a night. "I tell you that not only does every dog go to heaven, but that under my regime every dog shall live a heaven on earth." There would be universal acclamation for such sentiments. In Europe the man who threw a brick at a dog would be sent to the concentration camp; in America he would be lynched. The problem of non-Aryan and negro dogs would doubtless present slight difficulties. But no doubt the old law for the under-dog would apply.

In these five books there are, naturally, no under-dogs. Even Mr. Capek has failed to seize the chance for satire and has given us a well-bred little history of a well-bred little dog complete with beautiful photographs and typically Capek drawings. He has tried hard to make us believe that he is not such a fool about this terrier as other people would be, but there is worship and foolery in every drawing and every photograph and every word. The illustrations are the best part of the book, as they are also in *Just Dogs*, a title which has just saved itself from being a piece of pure heresy. *Just Plain Dogs* might very well have landed Mr. Barker into trouble with the upper dogs. *Me and My Dogs* has less to do with dogs than with Scottish castles, Indian army officers, and the authoress herself, who talks a good deal about the Happy Hunting Grounds to which all her dogs, plainly spelt backwards, have gone and will go. Mr. Welldon Finn's two books present an interesting case. In *Do You Want a Dog?* he has written the only sane and intelligent book of the five, a sound and candid book about any sort of dog, spelt dog, and every sort of fool who wants to own one. But in *The Pups I Bought* he is becoming facetious, school-boyish, and altogether irritating, spelling all his dogs backwards and proving himself as big a fool over them as Mr. Capek has done over his terrier. Moreover, it is a serious kind of foolery, very near idolatry. One longs for the dog-writer who can laugh at himself. But there is no doubt he is rare as the plain dog.

H. E. BATES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

The Life of Hans Christian Andersen. By SIGNE TOKSVIG. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Signe Toksvig's able and comprehensive life of Hans Christian Andersen excites in us the blended feelings of sympathy and exasperation with which the Danish writer's friends and acquaintances always listened to his youthful outpourings. So naive, so sensitive, so tearful, so easily depressed and exalted, so vain, so gay, so childishly winning a nature has surely never before flowered in literary genius. His grandfather was a harmless madman; his father the cobbler, a free thinker, was high-strung and ambitious; his mother was "self-respecting and competent." And the dreamy child, with his confiding manner and gift of making friends easily, early found an audience at school and among the neighbours for his tales and recitations. Everybody had to listen to him, and if snubbed he was cast down and wept. Awkward and ungainly though he was, people found his self-confidence amusing and sent for the boy to sing in their drawing-rooms. But nothing came of this, and when he was thirteen his father died and, on his mother remarrying, Hans Christian, with twenty-eight shillings and a letter of introduction, set out to seek his fortune in Copenhagen. The theatre was his aim, and, after many rebuffs, the new friends he made subscribed to ensure him food and lodging and lessons from a tutor in Latin. After three more years, says his biographer, "of poets, princes, sordid lodgings, hunger, poor clothes, cultured houses opening to him, head laurel-wreathed in the stars, wet feet in the mud, Hans Christian was leading an aimless coloured hectic life." When his plays and petitions to the theatre directors had all been refused, his patrons sent him to Rector Meisling's school to study in earnest. Here as a boarder he suffered for years from the rector's contempt and severity, and at twenty played the Joseph to Mrs. Potiphar Meisling, who used to lock her sleeping spouse into his bedroom. Before a fateful examination, he confides to his diary, possessed, as his biographer tells us, by his two demons, one of fear and one of ambition. "Oh, God, are you really there? Yes, still! Oh, why did I come so far, rise so high, unnoticed no longer, and now I must sink? Madness devour my brain that I may forget! Big

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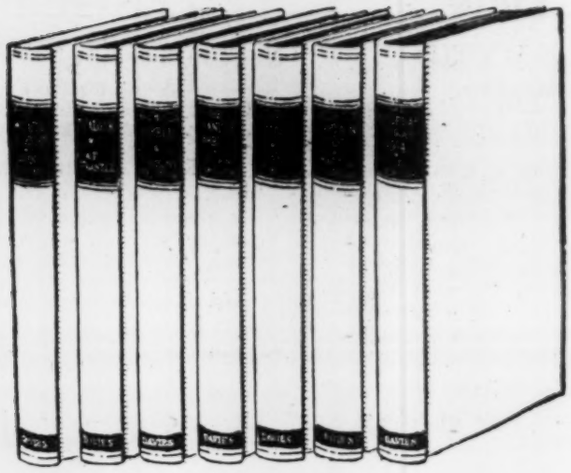

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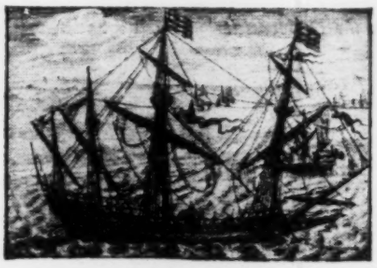

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words, fool! To see my comrades rise while I fall. To tear me from cultured society. God, no, that is too hard." But he passed the examination, and at twenty-four, after a further crop of falsely romantic, mildly sentimental plays and poems, he found "something real in himself," published *A Walking Trip*, and wrote a vaudeville parodying his former efforts, which was acted and was received with a whirlwind of applause. Eight years followed of literary ups and downs, of foreign travel to Germany, France and Italy, with many doors opening to the young poet. Also he experienced two abortive love affairs. In 1835, "he had tossed off a simple little pamphlet containing four fairy-tales for children," which he referred to as "those trifles," tales which Orsted declared "would make him immortal," and which two reviewers condemned as "entirely unsuitable for children; for so far from improving their minds, they might be said to be positively harmful," "as children ought to be given something above them, something they would have to strive to understand." But others praised these tales for children, told, as Signe Toksvig says, "in a language new to literature, the spoken language, brief, graphic, not afraid of emphatic repetition, but never talking down to children and never sugaring for them. It was honey, not treacle." But Andersen wrote the fairy-tales by the way, while putting all his hopes, ambitions and energy into his romantic noble tragedies, *The Mulatto* and *The Moorish Maid*; and into his novels, *The Improvisator* and *Only a Fiddler*, which was acclaimed heartily in Sweden and was received "with almost tearful admiration" in Germany. And in May, 1838, the Danish King granted him a pension of £40 a year! With the sweeping success of *The Mulatto*, a royal summons, invitations from aristocratic quarters, and an ovation for *The Master* from the Swedish students of Lund, Hans Christian's cup seemed full, but "now I must climb higher," the poet confided to a lady friend; and his biographer adds cleverly, "he needed approval as an oyster needs a shell."

The story of the last half of Andersen's life—he died on August 4th, 1875—in his insatiable thirst for and joy in his fame, and in his world-wide popularity, is in itself a fairy-tale. His epitaph should be "child-child," which words Jenny Lind murmured to him when he was describing to her in 1845 the "appreciations, presents and decorations and dinners" he was receiving from the German royalties. Very soon he added Holland and England to his list of conquests. Everywhere "he was absolutely, indubitably, completely famous." But in spite of Humboldt's and Dickens' and Dumas' testimonies, some Danish critics still said sharp things. It was unendurable, and an Icelandic writer, who had rooms next to Andersen's in a Copenhagen hotel, tells how "hearing a peculiar noise from his neighbour's rooms, he went in and found Andersen on the floor, sobbing and crying as though his heart would break. Why? Because of a newspaper criticism." However, a few years later, Andersen could no longer do wrong. His stories—and every year he put forth new stories—"met with unfailing, almost monotonous enthusiasm: the critics, if anything, applauded too easily!" And on the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in Copenhagen "gifts and royal graciousness were showered upon him and two hundred and forty-four notabilities attended the banquet in his honour." No moral is to be drawn from this terrifying record of a writer's popularity. Signe Toksvig, in the admirable Life from which we have culled these few blossoms, provides ample material for reflection for all who wish to follow, themselves, after Andersen and tread the path of literary glory. And rightly her well-balanced, impartial biography ends with a reference to the Hans Christian Andersen Museum at Odense, his birthplace, "where the visitor will be impressed by the many editions of his fairy-tales in nearly all European and Oriental languages—not forgetting Eskimo." Along with his biographer we should like to see a Soviet edition, unexpurgated, added to the list. Genius is genius, howsoever popular it be.

MORE LEWIS CARROLL

A Selection from the Letters of Lewis Carroll to his Child-friends. Edited by EVELYN HATCH. Published by *Macmillan*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

"They are three-quarters of my life," Lewis Carroll is reported to have said when the conversation turned on children. Yet it must frankly be admitted that on the whole these letters which Evelyn Hatch has most carefully edited are disappointing. For one thing, to quote the Dormouse, the subjects and correspondents are too "much of a Muchness." The majority are written to the daughters of friends in Oxford—it is noteworthy that only one letter to a little boy has been obtained—or to little girls with whom he made friends on the beach or in a railway carriage. In the circumstances of meeting would appear his brilliant and unerring comprehension of a child's point of view, as when he offered to the child who had fallen into a pool a piece of blotting paper, "to blot yourself up." The ensuing correspondence, however, narrows itself to invitations for a theatre, a walk or a *tête-à-tête* tea; the explanation of a cipher, a puzzle, an acrostic; possibly an interchange of photographs, or arrangements for the child to come to Christ Church and be taken there: "If [the children] have such things as flannel nightgowns, that makes as pretty a dress as you could desire," he explains to a parent. A number of the pictures which he took are here reproduced, and show his fondness for a "pretty," often a sentimentalised treatment, as he dressed the children as beggars or in the beach dress in which he had first seen them.

He valued the society of children partly because he found there the surest form of mental recreation. That mood of repose in which he wove for them the fascinations of Wonderland only rarely dictated a letter, but there is constant teasing to delight the original recipient. And once or twice he gave his fancy freer rein: the adventures of the three cats who "looked so disagreeable that I knocked them all down as flat as pancakes" make absorbing reading, and so does the tale of the 1,000 gloves, the 250 kittens and little girls. There are, too, whimsical glimpses, as the reference to Mr. Gladstone: "That master mind, which deals so grandly with subjects gigantic and trivial (like an elephant doing crochet, let us say).

It is pleasing to find strong reminiscences of passages in the *Alice* books. The discussion of the advantages of people who don't exist over those that do summons up again the Red King's dream; his promise to bring to the theatre "a little hay for you to munch if you feel faint," recalls the White King and the unhappy messenger, Haigha.

Lewis Carroll himself—to leave Charles Dodgson out of account—was made up of two people. There was the serious nonsense-writer whom we have been quoting, and the gentle, serious-minded author of Alice's sister's dream, of the Easter letter to children and of much of *Sylvie and Bruno*. Two brief passages in these letters bring one into valued contact with the latter. "My life is so strangely free from all trials and troubles, that I cannot doubt my own happiness is one of the 'talents' entrusted to me to 'occupy' with . . . by doing something to make *other* lives happy," he writes, and again, when he answers a letter from some unknown American children, he will hardly admit that his children's books are his "own doing. I just feel myself a trustee, that is all." It is not wonderful that all the children he knew loved him; and if his letters to them prove disappointing, is it not largely because they are judged by the supreme standard of *Alice*?

E. B. STURGIS

BRIGHTER SCIENCE

100,000 Whys—A Trip Around the Room. By M. ILIN. Translated by BEATRICE KINKEAD. *Routledge*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Romping Through Physics. By OTTO GAIL. Drawings by HERMANN BLANK. *Routledge*. 4*s*. 6*d*.

The Book of Chemical Discovery. By LEONARD A. COLES, B.Sc. *Harrap*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

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The Book of Scientific Discovery. By DR. D. M. TURNER. *Harrap*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

You may, of course, be content to turn the knobs and leave it at that. But if you cannot accept the service of the beautiful gadgets of the modern world in a comfortable ignorance, it becomes increasingly hard to keep up with a knowledge of what they are and how they work. Children, at least in secondary schools, are supposed to learn what happens when you turn a knob, but examinations are examinations, and at this time of the year, when they are slamming the laboratory doors behind them, there usually appears in the book market an annual movement towards brighter physics, brighter chemistry, brighter engineering, under banners advertising the marvellous and the wonderful. Here are some of the newest dodges for getting children and others to think about the things they use.

100,000 *Whys* is a most intelligent and amusing little book, which may suffer from a misleading title. It is just the opposite of a tabloid encyclopaedia, and although its title is taken from Kipling's jingle, "Five thousand wheres, seven thousand hows, a hundred thousand whys," it has much more to do with the Five Year Plan than with Kipling or Kipling's England. It is an excellent idea to get a child interested in what is going on in the living room before worrying him with power stations or scientific farming, and Mr. Ilin, accompanied by Mr. Lapshin as black and white artist, takes the Russian child on a trip round the room, explaining what is going on at the water tap, the stove, the cupboard, the kitchen shelf, the china cupboard, and the wardrobe. However unwilling some may be to admit it, heat and cold, bread and water, crocks and pans, coal and clothes perform much the same duties in Russia as in England. But Mr. Ilin's method of getting at the reality of these things is modern Russian in the openness of its eyes and the directness of its movement. This is a Marxist product, designed for universal consumption.

Physics nowadays is no joke, but it is no bad way of accustoming oneself to a difficulty to make a wild and hilarious game of it. You may possibly start a boy on a meteorological career by acquainting him with the tribulations of egg boilers on the summit of Everest, or make a physicist of him by showing him what astonishing adventures he would have if he fell down a tunnel bored through a diameter of the earth. And if this is too much to expect you will help him to think clearly by keeping him violently amused. Mr. Gail, aided and abetted by Mr. Blank, whose pictures are shockingly amusing, has done this in *Romping Through Physics*. This engaging pair end their exposition of the trickiness of centrifugal force by saying and drawing what would happen if the earth began to rotate at sixteen times its present speed. There are, it seems, worse possibilities than the next war.

Chemistry, likewise, is not to be trifled with, when one reflects how few manufactured articles there now are in whose preparation the chemist has not had a hand. Nor does Mr. Coles in *The Book of Chemical Discovery* trifle with it. This is a serious, solid, and competent history of chemical ideas and processes. To write such a book is like driving a bus from a sparsely populated district into a humming city. At first, with only a few alchemists and phlogiston-theorists to take on board, it is plain going, but in the later stages, when not only accredited chemists, but physicists, engineers and biologists are waving their umbrellas at the bus, there is much strap hanging and little speed. It is much to Mr. Coles' credit that he conducts a journey which is full of interest and gets to its crowded end. He is as careful to describe what the alchemist hoped, but did not get, from a lump of lead as to indicate what is now being got from a lump of coal. The specialist research worker and the schoolboy working through his examination syllabus are creatures liable to suffer from unreality. This book will remind the one and teach the other how close they are to the clanging street outside.

"Wonders" is a suspect word in a title, but it has not driven science out of Mr. Ellison Hawks' book. As he explains in his preface, he intended to write a description of the waters of the earth, and then found that one cannot write of water without writing of air, a remark which of itself marks a scientific attitude. So we get a popular account of meteorology, followed by chapters on snow and ice, glaciers, rivers and lakes. Presumably, Mr. Hawks did not have room for seas. He is a good hand at this class of writing, in which the odd and the picturesque are sugar to the pill of scientific information. Mr. Hawks' sugar is enriched by a remarkably good collection of photographs, and the information which it disguises is well digested, well arranged and well written.

In *The Romance of Motoring*, on the other hand, the authors have cheerfully dropped science and gone in for the high flavours of a hectic human interest. There is little here about what a motor car is made of or how it works, and a lot about motor fortunes, motor magnates, motor bandits, motor accidents, and high speed and dirt-track racing. Industry is represented by a day at the Morris Works, sociology by a sketch of the Automobile Association, and the whole is a competent piece of popular journalism.

What is Dr. Turner's book doing in this list? Whatever the circumstances of its production, *The Book of Scientific Discovery* is a serious, intelligent essay in the extraordinarily difficult task of giving a clear, historical account of the growth of scientific ideas and technique from Aristotle to Einstein. As Dr. Charles Singer says in his foreword:

> Scientific knowledge is, in fact, like any other knowledge, grounded in tradition. The working man of science occupies himself with the knowledge that is handed down to him by his predecessors as surely as the lawyer or the theologian. And if the body of scientific knowledge changes and develops more rapidly than the legal or the religious codes, that is but an added reason for learning something of the conditions of its change and development. This can only be done through history. Science is an organic product. Like all forms and results of living activity, its true nature can be discerned only when its evolutionary history is known. The past and the present are indissolubly one.

All that can be said here is that Dr. Turner establishes that thesis by a demonstration which, considering the difficulties of selection and the self-imposed simplicity of her narrative method, is a considerable achievement. If her book had been published at another season it would have received, as it deserves, a more extended welcome. It should be bought, not because it is Christmas time, but because it gives any young scientific student a beautifully clear indication of his bearings in the tradition of his work. Here is no question of "brighter science." This book illuminates it.

FOR ALL KINDS OF GODMOTHER

The Robbers' Cave. By AGNES BLUNDELL. With illustrations by FRANK ROGERS. *Burns and Oates.* 3s. 6d.

The Long Journey. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN and C. H. K. MARTEN. With illustrations and drawings from many sources and three pictures in colour by H. R. MILLAR. *Blackwell.* 7s. 6d.

Bibi. By KARIN MICHAELIS. Translated by ROSE FYLFMAN. With illustrations by HEDWIG COLLIN. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Seek There. By ELEANOR HELME and NANCE PAUL. With illustrations by FRANK WALLACE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

The Lost Princess. By HAMPDEN GORDON. With illustrations by GEORGE S. DIXON. *Murray.* 5s.

Tell Them Again Tales. By MARGARET BAKER. With illustrations by MARY BAKER. *University of London Press.* 2s. 6d.

The Meldrum Story Book. Illustrated and told by ROY MELDRUM. *Blackwell.* 5s.

Tales from the Norse. By SIR GEORGE DASENT. With illustrations by HELEN MUNRO. *Nelson.* 3s. 6d.

Fairies and Enchanters. By AMABEL WILLIAMS ELLIS. With illustrations by WILMA HICKSON. *Nelson.* 7s. 6d.

Doctor Dolittle's Return. By HUGH LOFTING. With illustrations by the author. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Long ago, I met a small boy who was asked by one of his elders of the Paul-Pry-Meddlesome-Matty type: "What are you going to be when you're grown-up?" He thought for a minute, then answered with all the seriousness of a five-year-old, "A godmother in kid gloves."

He became a schoolmaster and his parents said: "That's what he always wanted to be."

Since then I have divided godmothers into three groups, the at-your-baptism, the fairy, and the kind in kid gloves. Bounty is, of course, their common characteristic, for one cannot imagine a godmother, gloved, ungloved or fairy-fingered, who brings no gifts.

In her heart, the kid-gloved godmother would like to spoil you, but she carries her reputation as well as her gift in her hands, and if she brings you sugar conceals in it the tiniest of pills.

There is a nobility about the open-handed at-your-baptism, for they not only bear the burden of your sins but carelessly add to their own by spoiling you on such suitable occasions as Christmas and birthday. But the fairy's the thing. She has the pleasant habit of appearing unexpectedly at odd moments, and no one in the world can prevent her hands from picking and stealing joys for you on all sorts of suitable and unsuitable occasions. If you are old-fashioned, she was undoubtedly at your christening party endowing you with all the best gifts (and one is delight in books). If you are a modern, and were named in a hole-in-corner "Let's call him Timothy" conversation, she probably slipped through the keyhole and put you fairy-wise before your parents had a chance of trying out Montessori or of consulting Freud because you laughed at a butterfly.

This Christmas, publishers have not forgotten the godmothers, and there is a choice of gifts for each one. The kid-gloved will

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find that *The Long Journey*, by Laurence Housman and C. H. K. Marten, will enhance their reputation in the eyes of parent and of god-child. It is a pageant of the past, beginning with the building of the Pyramids and ending with the unveiling of the Christ of the Andes. It contains poems, plays, and illustrations, but it is a pity that the latter are sometimes blurred and that the writing of some of the stories is rather austere. These are, however, minor points, and godmothers would do well to look at this book, for it is a record of human growth which will help a child to discover that his own country has not made itself without the help of other countries.

Agnes Blundell gives us history mixed with fiction in *The Robbers' Cave*, a tale for the ten-year-old, about two children who lived during the Wars of the Roses. *Bibi*, delightfully translated by Rose Fyleman from the Danish of Karin Michaelis, also gives more sugar than pill. The eight- to eleven-year-olds will enjoy the adventures of this little Danish girl who was lucky enough to have a free pass on the railways because her father was a station-master. It is a charming book, but it must be read aloud to the eight-year-olds, unless they read easily, as the print is not large and the pages number two hundred and seventy-six. Hedwig Collin's pictures are just right.

For those who like treasure-hunts there are *Seek There*, by Eleanor Helme and Nance Paul, a tale of the Scottish Highlands in which two children restore the family fortunes, and Gordon Hampden's *Lost Princess*, in which our old friends Paradoc, the Gnome, and Bosh, the very practical human boy, combine with Pank, the Pixy, Roxy the bird, who once laid an egg in a pram, and Binty the rabbit to outwit the Black Duke. An eleven-year-old read them both for me and described them as "lovely books, ever so exciting," but even younger children will enjoy them.

If they have god-children under nine, most godmothers will be satisfied with the Bakers' *Tell Them Again Tales*, for here are jolly tales, fairy tales, tales with little morals, daintily illustrated, and all for half a crown. Another attractive story-book for rather older children contains seven stories told and illustrated by Roy Meldrum. It makes a strong appeal to the imagination and is the sort of book that a fairy godmother might put under one's pillow at any odd minute.

But the pick of the bunch are Nelson's edition of Sir George Dasent's *Tales from the Norse*, a marvellous three and sixpenny-worth with pleasant pictures by Helen Munro, and Amabel Williams Ellis's *Fairies and Enchanters*, a new book of old English fairy tales with eighty of the right sort of illustrations by Wilma Hickson. The fairy godmother will choose here. She knows that her gifts are everlasting, for with her tangible present she brings a memory of long-lost loveliness, vision which can see what is and yet is not; humour which has tears as well as laughter; and a feeling for the past which lays no burden on the future. *Tales from the Norse* and *Fairies and Enchanters* are as ageless and as everlasting as the fairy godmothers themselves, for even if the books be destroyed or the pages made unreadable by too frequent handling, something of their whimsicality and of their joy remains for ever.

And so it is with Hugh Lofting. With *Dr. Dolittle's Return* he has something for every kind of godmother. Does yours wear kid gloves? Then she cannot resist the moral appeal of the doctor's story chronicled by the faithful Stubbins. Is she an at-your-baptism? Then she will pander to the taste of every godchild, for Dab-Dab and Gub-Gub and Too-Too and Polynesia are with us again. Is she a fairy? Then she will not hesitate, for Matthew, the Cat's Meat man, says: "You know, Tommy, me—I never seemed to 'ave time to bother about settin' the world to rights. The world was always tryin' to set me to rights—if you know what I mean." And that has been the feeling of every fairy godmother since the world began. People may try to put her in her place, but, like Dr. Dolittle, she belongs everywhere and to everyone. "Everlastin' life . . . d'yer think the doctor will ever find it, Tommy?" Ask the fairy godmother. *She* knows. Even the kid-glove kind talk of a children's classic.

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More Good Food. By AMBROSE HEATH. Decorated by EDWARD BAWDEN. *Faber*. 6s.

Cookery books are to the epicure what book catalogues are to the bibliophile. There is as much pleasure in reading about a dish as in eating it, indeed often more.

Now books about food can be divided into two categories, the practical and the discursive. *The Gourmet's Book of Food and Drink* belongs to the latter and more attractive class. After all, if we have any interest in cookery, we probably know how to roast, fry, boil and stew, and as for recipes, there is already an encyclopaedic literature in existence. It is strange, by the way, that England, which probably has the worst practical cooks in the world, should have produced some of the most charming literature on the subject of cookery. The anonymous author of the present work is a direct successor to Dr. Kitchiner, author of the *Cook's Oracle*, and Walker, the London magistrate, who wrote *The Art of Dining*. He writes from a strictly personal standpoint, with a strong, but not unreasoned, prejudice in favour of English methods. There must be many persons who have imagined but never tasted the glories of English food. In the restaurant and inn they are unknown, and in private houses, to say the least, rare. This book will help those who want to "eat British."

The author is most persuasive on the subject of that usually dreary meal, breakfast. "Nothing shall alter my very definite persuasion that fresh food, and nothing but the very best of fresh food, simple though it be, should appear upon the breakfast table." His list of breakfast dishes will bring fresh hope to those whom a life-time of badly cooked bacon and eggs have reduced to despair. Who would not rise from his bed to eat Grandfather's Bloaters, cooked thus: "Put two fine bloaters into a soup-plate, pour over them enough whiskey to cover them, set it alight, and let it burn itself out. The bloaters will then be done, and done exquisitely." This is obviously an extravagant and bizarre dish, but it must not be inferred that the author is a gastronomic eccentric.

So many foolish cookery books have been published recently in England, written by people who seem to think that the whole art is to astonish the palate by the association of the most disparate ingredients, that it is a pleasure to read one which advocates tradition and simplicity.

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SECKER

On every gastronomic topic this author is sound. He demolishes the ridiculous legend that it takes a Frenchwoman to make a good omelette. He fulminates against "malt" vinegar; advocates the old-fashioned steel knife for eating a grill; gives an excellent recipe for making cassoulet, which he ate with the postman and stationmaster at a little French estaminet. He likes "vulgar" dishes, and gives a chapter to them; explains how to cook tripe and onions, and praises the much neglected eel, though it is to be regretted that he gives rather a garbled version of the classic "matelote."

There are many unusual and amusing features, such as the complete bill of fare of the *Mauretania*, a wonderful menu, that would almost reconcile one to crossing the Atlantic. Drinkers are not neglected. He gives hundreds of recipes for cups and punches, for those who like them, and if one feels "morning-afterish," Chapter XII contains a varied selection of pick-me-ups, including Nathaniel Gubbins' delightful prescription; anchovy toast eaten in bed, followed by an hour's nap, and then a Surgeon-Major, i.e., a couple of eggs beaten up in a large tumbler with champagne.

There are extracts from old cookery books and MSS., but many readers will wish the author had not included a particularly horrible ancient recipe for cooking a "goose, duck, or some such lively creature" alive.

The author states that this is but a selection from his note-books. We hope he will be encouraged to give us a further sifting.

Socialists, Communists and Tories, who happen also to be interested in food, all buy the *Manchester Guardian* on Thursday for the sake of Mr. Heath's articles. It is a proof of his erudition and good taste that he is able week by week throughout the year to bring forward fresh recipes for dishes that are worth eating. All are easy to carry out for anyone who knows the rudiments of cooking and has a sense of taste. The present volume is arranged in accordance with the calendar, the author properly believing that food which is in season is best. Mr. Heath is as Gallic in his tastes as the author of the volume noticed above is English, but besides French recipes there are some interesting Italian and Levantine ones. I am sorry that in his list of fresh-water fish he never mentions the pike, and seems to have joined that conspiracy about which George Moore complained, to exclude the shad, grey mullet and salmon bass from our tables. The excursus on the method of cooking known as the sauté is a perfect example of how to explain a little understood but simple operation in such a way that no one can make a mistake. The cover of this book is washable, so that one can safely leave it about on the kitchen-table, and there are some charming woodcut decorations by Edward Bawden.

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Dark Circle of Branches. By LAURA ADAMS ARMER. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

Jeremy Quince. By ROSE FYLEMAN. *Cape.* 6s.

Sam and the Others. By C. DOWMAN. *Country Life.* 6s.

The Littlest House and Ann. By S. E. LOCKE. *Burns and Oates.* 3s. 6d.

The Little Giant and Other Stories. By ROBERT HOLLAND. *Joseph.* 3s. 6d.

To retell Bible stories for children has for long been a favourite practice. From Mr. de la Mare one expects a predominantly literary treatment, and is inclined at first to question the need. Who would hope to improve upon the style of the Bible, with its intrinsic beauty, and all the additional beauty with which grave association and constant familiarity have endowed it? His own claim is that he hopes to have removed some of the verbal and historical difficulties; at times by brief descriptions as of the appearance and accoutrements of the Philistines, more often by elaborating the feelings and surroundings of the characters, and he has justified his attempt. The story of the Fall perhaps, out of the nine Old Testament narratives which he has treated, is the one whose fullness of background will make it most valuable for the child's fuller comprehension. Mr. de la Mare has comprehended the details in the stories with a care for precision, and a knowledge of what is significant that will, again, appeal to a child-reader. Thus we hear that Jacob made for Joseph "a loose tunic or coat of many colours, sewn together in delicate needlework in a bright pattern, and"—to consummate the magnificence of the whole—"with sleeves to the wrists." Mr. de la Mare's use and selection of words is at times too subtle to be appreciated by a child, but there are numberless passages of fine writing, as the description of the world during and after the Flood, which, like this perfectly imagined description of the plague of gnats, will delight the sensitive reader of any age: "They rose, droning, like clouds of fine dust into the air, their wings shimmering glass-like, the sound of them faint and shrill as a harp-string." John Farleigh's wood-engravings, which accompany this reprint, admirably reproduce the substance and significance of the text; the bowing of the sheaves and the planets before the sleeping Joseph is particularly well planned and effective. Other collections of Bible stories, both in their lack of literary taste, and the garishness of their illustrations, serve only to emphasise the merits of this. Muriel Chalmers, writing for children of six to eight, has the good idea of telling the healing of the blind man who was sent to wash in Siloam from his point of view. Then, with a deplorable lapse, we are told that "Some nasty people . . . tried to make trouble." Mr. de la Mare, from the familiar material has created something of new artistic value.

Dark Circle of Branches and *Jothy* are, presumably, two of the books that will be given to American children this Christmas. The plots in both are loosely constructed, the action being impeded by descriptions of native customs. Eventually Jothy, the child of the South Indian jungle, goes to school and endures the trials of unjust suspicion that are usual to the schoolgirl in fiction, but nowhere else. In *Dark Circle of Branches*, the mythology and ritual of the Navahos find more natural place, since the book deals with the gradual growth in knowledge and power of Na Nai, the little boy who cannot walk. From the point of view of a story, opportunities are lost by the unemphatic treatment of events as stirring as the four years' exile of 1862. But the writer is thoroughly well acquainted with her subject, which is well

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worth the treating. The reader's poetic comprehension of the universe is widened by conceptions like these: "On a warm day he would lie on his back watching the clouds move in the sky. He thought of the twelve men at every cardinal point, holding the sky on pillars of turquoise and white shell."

The English children who appear in *Jeremy Quince* and *Sam and the Others* are thoroughly normal though Jeremy, thanks to his exceptional talent for acting, has the abnormal experience of living for three days as Lord Mayor. This is an excellent idea, and the descriptions of the show, the banquet and other civic functions are enjoyably done. It is not, however, a wholly satisfying book; the villainous characters, like the Eastern potentate and Aunt Caroline, are not original, and the adventures in which one expects them to figure fall strangely flat. There is in the writer's style too often a hint that she is writing down for her readers, and her conclusion is thoroughly unsympathetic. Why it is meritorious for Jeremy, whose enthusiasm for acting has been abundantly justified by his success as Lord Mayor, to decide that instead of the screen he will go into his uncle's grocery business it is difficult to decide. Catherine Dowman explains that the adventures of *Sam and the Others* first took shape during a winter abroad, where English story books were unobtainable; the attractive verisimilitude of the book is probably due in part to the fact that children have had a hand in its creation. The adventures are less striking than those of Jeremy Quince, but both the events and the relationships between the children are told so directly and realistically that the reader feels himself at once at home. There is some lack in inevitability in the sequence of events; the exaggerated disagreeableness of some of the grown-ups is a fault: but on the whole, habitual people and surroundings are treated interestingly in a way that reminds one to some extent of the masterpieces of E. Nesbit.

Of books for small children, *The Littlest House and Ann*, illustrated engagingly with people and drawings in the Victorian style, tells a somewhat sentimental story of a heroine, who makes a succession of "real friends," and is presented with a house by a pig that is a cherry tree. The book would be an agreeable antidote to too fearsome a tale of pirates or motor bandits. The author of *The Little Giant* and ten other short stories has a natural waywardness, coupled with a stern impartiality of observation that older writers cannot recapture. The dénouements of his tales are often arbitrary, but the stuff of which they are made is handled with a degree more than competence. He wastes no preliminary words: "Once upon a time, in a glass house on a mountain, there lived four dwarfs." The disagreeable princesses were "always playing the gramophone and chalking their lips."

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THE GOLDEN AGE

Kenneth Grahame. Life, Letters and Unpublished Work. By PATRICK CHALMERS. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

Comfortable Victorian parents believed that small pitchers have very large ears. To conceal their own frightful secrets, no doubt, they banished children to the nursery. It is significant that it was an unmarried clergyman who gave little Alice to Wonderland and the world. Kenneth Grahame's happy invention of the Olympians, as a remote Opposition party, might seem in these days a self-complacent Victorian effort to veil the truth, to hide those bewhisker'd or crinolin'd Tyrants whose wickedness has been unmasked by the Freudian school and by recent dramatists. Actually the banishment of the children led to a rediscovery of childhood and a new idealism—a rediscovery in which Scotsmen played a large part. Stevenson prepared the way, Kenneth Grahame enlarged the territory of wonder, and more recently, of course, Sir James Barrie carried the method to its logical and emotional breaking-point.

Kenneth Grahame's mother died young and he was sent with the rest of the little family to live with a grandmother beside the Thames. He escaped, perhaps, the complete circle of Victorian home-life. His first book of essays, in which the Olympians made their appearance, was entitled *Pagan Papers*, and the title suggests that happy wonderland which lies beyond the reach of didacticism. Indeed a reviewer of the time remarked about these papers: "They do not manifestly appear to be the work of a Christian!" Lewis Carroll was disturbed by this new interpreter of childhood and wrote to a friend:

> The favour I would ask is that you do not tell me any more stories, such as you did on Friday, of remarks which children are said to have made on sacred subjects—remarks which most people would recognise as irreverent if made by *grown-up people*, but which are assumed to be innocent when made by children.

The remark in question was made by a little girl in Grahame's essays: "Many are cold but few are frozen."

Many readers of *The Golden Age* knew vaguely that the author was a banker, a few had heard that he was Secretary to the Bank of England. Mr. Patrick Chalmers, who is not only a poet of fancy but a banker himself, tells us little concerning Grahame's official life: he strictly avoids "talking shop." He met Grahame only once, and it was an accidental encounter of two seconds in a sunny garden at Pangbourne-on-Thames. But the glimpse is memorable and characteristic of Mr. Chalmers' rather full biographical style:

> I have a remembrance of a massive, very tall figure in faultless grey flannels (they might have been cut for the Capitoline Jove), of an Olympian head, plentifully white-haired, of a clear and ruddy face, and (as he disappeared) of a pair of shoulders to delight Savile Row.

Mr. Chalmers confesses that he learned nothing from the friends of this kindly, reserved man who enjoyed life yet kept his sorrows to himself. This is clear from the copious tributes and encomiums which he quotes. He has overcome the difficulties of official biography by indulging in pleasant fancies. He pictures Grahame's happy days in his waterside garden, his long spells in Cornwall and Italy. Books, flowers, good wine, the sounds of water and summer trees! Mr. Chalmers evokes an enviable picture of a Golden Age of leisure and mellow culture in those far-off days before the war. The letters and fragments published for the first time here confirm his view.

Kenneth Grahame was a collateral of a famous Scottish family and held "the silly opinion" that professionalism in letters was no pursuit for a gentleman born. But he held more sensible reasons, also, for his abstention. When Henley adopted this young man from the City as one of his madcap company and tried to make him abandon himself to the pen trade, he replied that he preferred to be a spring rather than a pump. Grahame dallied with *The Yellow Book* group, but it is clear that he did not find the tragic fates of his Bohemian friends an encouragement, and

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preferred security and ease. He wrote with elaborate care, but one suspects that he shrank indolently from the deeper experiences and torments of art.

Nevertheless there is something admirable in the way in which Grahame refused to lose his head and his privacy. A writer on childhood is always in danger of being clasped to the nation's great heart as a defender of morality. Royal children wrote to the shy author, the Kaiser kept but two English books on his yacht "Hohenzollern," the Bible and *The Golden Age*. Theodore Roosevelt invited Grahame repeatedly to spend a week-end at the White House: he wrote, in 1908, in eager anticipation of *The Wind in the Willows*: "Of course it won't have 'any problems, any sex, any second meanings,' that is why I shall like it." Editors and publicity people clamoured for copy, regardless of price, but Kenneth Grahame remained aloof from fame.

Mr. Chalmers holds that *The Golden Age* is dated. The happy parents of to-day romp on all fours while infants extract handbooks on child-psychology from their pockets. He prefers the later fantasy, *The Wind in the Willows*, since moles and toads do not change their manners. To be frank, his style is not always as fastidious as Grahame's, and he appeals too often to the tremulous heart of the nation: "Since that long ago day when the Kings of the East came to the manger, bringing with them their gold and frankincense and myrrh, surely all men, Kenneth Grahame among them, give of their hearts' best when they give to a child." That may be true, but so is "Home, Sweet Home" which Stevenson called "a brutal assault upon the feelings." AUSTIN CLARKE

LA FONTAINE IN ENGLISH VERSE

The Fables of Jean de la Fontaine. Translated by EDWARD MARSH. Illustrated by STEPHEN GOODEN. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6*d*.

"It is almost a commonplace of French criticism that La Fontaine does not 'travel.'" One has heard this repeated so often that it is natural to feel some misgiving about a new translation of his fables. Mr. Edward Marsh, however, questions its validity, and, after noting some of the characteristics which, he considers, give La Fontaine a special appeal to English minds—his sympathy with animals, his hatred of pretence, his informality—assures us that he is "less impossible to translate than most French poets, certainly than his own great contemporaries." What does seem to be true of such a criticism, though it is not often admitted in so many words, is that a kind of national *amour-propre* denies the possibility of poetical intercourse between this country and France. We do not allow Shakespeare, for example, to "travel" in France any more than the French allow La Fontaine, say, to "travel" in England. Most people who are interested in French literature assume that they know enough of the language to be able to do without a crib, though too often their knowledge amounts to no more than an ability to attach rough English equivalents to French words. In some circles a strange sort of social and intellectual snobbery deplores the use of translations except *in camera*.

It is a common mistake of such people to suppose that La Fontaine's fables are easy to understand. Nothing is more apparently simple than their subject-matter. But the error lies in the assumption that they are just as simple and gay, and no more so, than nursery rhymes. It is true, of course, that La Fontaine wanted his fables to be read to children. The story, he knew, would entertain them, and he was not expecting too much when he hoped that the moral would not be overlooked; the "fiction" would certainly please, and might incidentally instruct. This may be true of a French nursery, and it would be true of English nurseries if mothers could be persuaded to use Mr. Marsh's translation. But my own recollection of the days before one could say "Enfin Marsh vint" is that I was neither delighted nor, as far as I am aware, improved, but only bored by having to study the fables after I had left the nursery and before I was old enough to appreciate the swiftness and pithiness of La Fontaine's style, the subtlety of his perceptions and the delicacy of his overtones. A horrible memory remains of a whole term at school spent in reading and re-reading, analysing and parsing a single book of the fables. No explanation was ever given of why such apparently simple tales bristled with such appalling difficulties. I realise now that the greatest difficulty then was the language. La Fontaine's vocabulary is too large, and his extraordinarily artful use of archaisms and slang too difficult, for the

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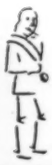

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average English reader, least of all the average English schoolboy, to appreciate without an extensive knowledge and familiarity with the life, literature and language of the French people in the seventeenth century. "Il a l'air d'écrire pour les enfants," said Horace Walpole, who claimed the necessary knowledge and familiarity, "et plus on avance en âge plus on lui découvre de beautés." Yet even Walpole must have admitted to himself sometimes that his apprehension of these beauties was delayed and perhaps prevented by his own ignorance.

I can only regret that Mr. Marsh's translations of all the twelve books of La Fontaine's fables were not available fifteen years ago. As it is, I strongly recommend them to anyone haunted by memories of La Fontaine in the classroom, and to anyone who cannot master him in the original. The present unlimited edition is well printed, exquisitely illustrated and not at all expensive. The variety and elegance of Mr. Marsh's rhymes and rhythms and the wide range of his vocabulary are a revelation of how obedient and adaptable the English language will become in the hands of a learned and clever craftsman. "A translator," says La Fontaine, remembering his own difficulties with Aesop, "must not struggle too obstinately against the insufficiency of his wit or the intractability of his material." Mr. Marsh, we may presume, must have had some exhausting struggles against both before completing the translations he began seven years ago, as a pastime, on a trip to South Africa. Scarcely a trace of them remains now beneath the final polish. To be compelled to rhyme "venison" with "friends on" might be taken to indicate "insufficiency of wit," but La Fontaine himself is sometimes guilty of equally tortuous tricks. On the other hand, the substitution of "galantine" for "ortalans" is a candid admission of the "intractability" of the original; for, as Mr. Marsh points out in a characteristically urbane note: "It is provoking that the English mealtime verbs —lunch, dine, sup—will all rhyme with drinkables—punch, wine, cup—but none really well with any eatable that I can think of." It is surprising, though, how seldom he has to admit to defeat—so seldom, in fact, that one could almost believe that he knows the *Oxford Dictionary* and its supplement by heart. His vocabulary ranges from the obsolete and archaic to the most up-to-date colloquialisms, and he follows La Fontaine by introducing dialect and technical words. Thus the ubiquitous mouse of the fables appears in one place as Mickey; a gown is called a "wrap-rascal"; "swink," "henche" and "mew" (Mr. Marsh has caught the N.E.D. nodding over this word) are a few of the rare words which, by analogy, help the reader to recover some of the flavour of the original.

"I stand to be shot at," says Mr. Marsh, "for my inconsistency in dealing with settings, localities and 'allusions.'" Vaugirard, for instance, turns up as Surbiton, Le Mans as Aberdeen, Petites-Maisons as Colney Hatch, and there are passing glimpses of Hampton Court and Knighton in Shropshire. But no one would dream of potting at Mr. Marsh who has ever read some of the English versions by La Fontaine's contemporaries of French and Latin poems, in which the most extraordinary licence of this kind was tolerated and admired. No other justification is needed than the one Mr. Marsh himself gives: "My plan," he says, "has been . . . to substitute English and even modern equivalents if I saw a gain in clearness, or in liveliness—the quality which La Fontaine speaks of as his own particular contribution to Fable." Liveliness, indeed, is the pre-eminent and most refreshing quality of Mr. Marsh's contribution to translation.

JOHN HAYWARD

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Modern poetry is raucous. In making such a statement there is no intention to depreciate the best of it, or to rail against its occasional vitality; but the general impression is that of a tree-top full of dark noises. Our modern Cawdons and Sablewailers are certainly able to create those pleasant diversions of sound associated with rookeries; but rarely are they able to enchant the ears with Song. It is therefore very cheering to be made aware of a young poet who is not only trying to sing, but sometimes actually doing so. Miss Mary Lang is only seventeen; at any rate she was only seventeen when she finished writing *Strange Battalion*; and so one can say quite truthfully that it is one of the most promising and remarkable little volumes of youthful verse of this century. At present she is only a tentative linnet; but there are signs that she may grow into an exciting lark or nightingale:

> I heard
> the call of a night bird,
> a distant, mournful cry
> floating by:
>
> the burr
> of countless insects: the whirr
> of countless wings outside
> the window wide.

They are the first two stanzas of a poem that is consistent throughout; but in general the chief adverse criticism to make against Mary Lang is that her beginnings are generally so much more satisfying than her middles or endings. It is a frequent fault in the work of very young poets, who nearly all cut their corn before it is ripe. There are, of course, difficulties with regard to the rhyme, especially when the poem is of ballade or sonnet texture, for a discipline that is applied too soon may rob a poem of its spontaneity. The strange thing with Mary Lang is that her poem sometimes tails out badly when she discards rhyme. For instance, in "The Mistress," she begins strikingly with:

> She is pure with the purity of mountain waters
> that are fed by the snows in the high places:
> She is beautiful as a flame.

But the next three lines are hyperbolic flim-flam; and though "she is the sweetest thief that ever stole a heart" is passable (if trite) the rest of the poem is little more than a sheaf of pseudo-poetic statements. The impression is generally made in the first lines, though in "Disappointment" and "Dream," the endings are better than the beginnings, and "Overture," with its fervid application of hints from "bone-rattling" Eliot, is very nearly a good poem throughout. Worthy of special mention also is the sonnet "March"—though swallows do not come to this country so early as March—which carries to a successful subjective close the vivid objective opening:

> Look—where the vernal wetness of the spring
> Is glorious on the tattered rags of March.
> Now travelled swallows come on homing wing,
> Flocking triumphant through the season's arch . . . .

But springtime is not much in Mary Lang's line; for her poems

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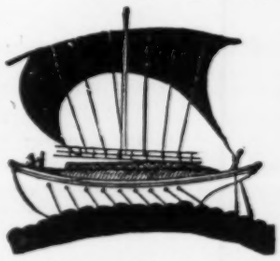

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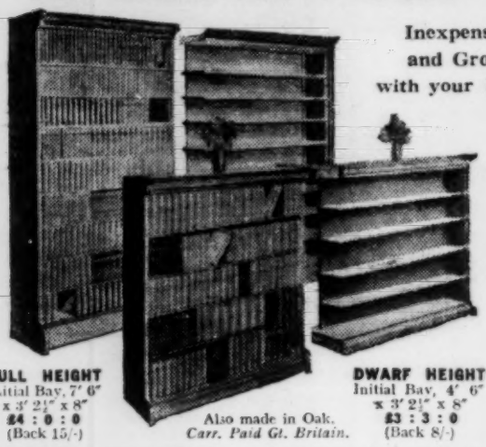

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are not exactly "Songs of Innocence." Rather are they Songs of Premature Experience; and that, without question, is the chief difficulty Mary Lang has to grapple with when she aspires to write poetry. Complete innocence is often imaginative; complete experience is more likely to be so. But premature experience is like incomplete experience, save that it is rather more misleading if you don't try to walk humbly.

Mary Lang looks like developing into a poet of autumn (she has evidently been born somewhat old) rather than a poet of spring; or the nightingale of the dark and twilight rather than the lark of noon. It is surely not for nothing that the opening lines of "The Fool" are so fine:

> He was not clad in motley when I saw him;
> His cloak was long, and dappled like autumn woods,
> Russet and honey gold, and full of shadows.
> And now the evening sky was full of shadows.
> By the crumbling wall where hollyhocks swayed to sleep
> He stood with folded arms, and straight brow bared . . . .

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A NEW edition of *Children and Gardens* by Gertrude Jekyll, which has just been published (*Country Life*, 5s.), charmed me as soon as I opened it, and my reading was continually interrupted by a hundred memories. There is nothing in it about brooms, yet suddenly it called up with astonishing vividness the exact appearance and the smell of the little heather besoms that old Mrs. Willoughby, the gipsy, used to make on the common behind the house and bring to sell, with combs and collar-studs, at the back door. Thirty-five years ago I had such a besom and used it to sweep away the pine needles where I was making a moss garden with my cousin. Green furry hedges, emerald velvet lawns and round parterres of a rare silver moss brought home from the farthest edges of the common, overlooking Chartwell, formed the framework within which the tiny cups and scarlet-tipped rods of lichen were planted. The greenest moss turned yellow almost at once when wet with urine, and that accident provoked an altercation, but whether I was the transgressor or the injured party is forgotten now.

* * *

Moss gardens are beneath Miss Jekyll's notice: she sails upon her way absorbed in her own memories and, reading her, we follow like a crowd of children at her heels. Her pages call up such strong early feelings about trug-baskets, trowels, garden labels and pruning-knives, and the old lady has so impregnated them with the flavour, as fresh and delicate as that of China tea, of her own character, that she herself seems to have become a memory of my own. But alas, I never knew her; Miss Jekyll was only a name, the name on the cover of the book which lay among the packets of seeds and the coils of raffia on the window-seat. But *Children and Gardens* had not been written then, and I cannot say from memory which book by her it was that gave my mother the spiritual consolation necessary to enable her to break in a barren field over which the giant slugs cruised for three-quarters of the year, and turn it into the over-grown wilderness of blossom that it is to-day.

* * *

As a writer for children, Miss Jekyll's great merit is that she does not adapt herself in the very least to her audience, but says exactly what she wants to say without modifying her language or using baby-talk. Because of this, many grown-up people will call it a charming book but quite unsuitable for children. But I know that when I was young I scorned and hated books written in "simple language" and got far more pleasure out of those with occasional difficult words that I had to skip. Somehow or other the meanings of the long words filtered through after a time and I was always part-master of a whole vocabulary of the printed page, a vocabulary composed of words like *catastrophe*, *oenothera* and *ascetic*, whose use I understood but which I had no notion how to pronounce.

* * *

Miss Jekyll is much too matter-of-fact a person to fall into any of the pitfalls with which her subject is so liberally bestrewn, and into one of which my sentimental memory of the little heather broom sent me toppling at once. She never topples and she is never sentimental, because she really liked the things she was writing about just as much at seventy as she had at the age of seven, whereas I was sentimental just now about heather-brooms because I no longer really care about them at all, and merely fancy that it would be delightful of me if I did. "Scrambled eggs is another capital thing," says Miss Jekyll, and her downright phrase recalls Cobbett's *Cottage Economy* which she had no doubt read and liked, and which is itself a good book for children. "This hog, then, is altogether a capital thing," said Cobbett, if I can trust my memory, and neither Miss Jekyll nor he had any nonsense about them. Thus the first use to which she would have the children put their garden would be to grow the food they are going to prepare and eat under her directions in their play-house. But the salad must be flavoured with chervil and tarragon and dressed as Miss Jekyll likes it before she will go on to explain about making toasted cheese (with beer) and potato soup. "I like it best the real French middle-class way, with knobs of potato," she says.

* * *

In front of the play-house is the flower-garden, and she explains sensibly what seeds a child can sow and what young plants must be begged from the gardener. Her book is a scrap-book; she breaks off from advice about gardening to speak about wild flowers, and is led on from explaining how to make a cowslip ball to a wonderful description and picture of a floral trophy for May-day garlanding which was so huge that it had to be carried by twelve little girls "and brought them quantities of pennies in its progress round the village." If anyone should persist in the foolish mistake of thinking *Children and Gardens* is not a book for children, he will own himself mistaken by the time he reaches page seventy-one, on which the author has drawn elevations, sections and plans of common objects, which show that she is as serious as a child, and as comic without meaning to be. After looking at the elevation and section of a penny bun, grown-up people will decide the book is not for them and the children will get hold of it. And in the later pages they will find more plans and elevations as Miss Jekyll passes from the kinds of plants to grow, to speak of her garden companions, and describes visiting hedgehogs who drank out of the cat's saucer. For her principal companions were cats, of which she had a sufficient number. We are not only shown photographs of them but the strange markings of Pinkie are illustrated by East and West elevations. And giving herself up to her love of plans, she ends the book with plans of three kittens, four kittens, and five kittens, showing how legs and paws coalesce and melt together until they are as confused as the tigers after they had been running for some time round little Black Sambo's tree.

* * *

Miss Jekyll was also well disposed to owls, and like a great many old ladies in England she made a house in her roof specially for the owls to live in. But though an owl eventually came and settled there, she never managed to see him, and so was never able to make the strange discovery that we made a few years ago. Very often on a summer's evening our owl would come and settle in the elm tree over the summer house and would begin to hoot, and at last we noticed that our cat would run out into the garden whenever the hooting began and would trot to the elm and begin climbing into the elder bushes underneath. Sparrows roosted there, and it seemed that the owl and the cat had learned to go hunting together—the cat would drive the sparrows out and the owl swoop on one of them from the air. But if this was so, we never saw it actually happen, there remained the difficult problem of which was to eat the sparrow. This owl and cat had not learned forbearance and seemed to be very jealous of each other. For one evening we saw Puss high up, running along the top of a paling to climb up to a sparrow's nest, when the owl, who had been watching from the roof of the dove house, suddenly swooped down, and after they had sworn in each other's faces, the owl actually struck at the cat violently. That was all that we saw, but several times we have heard the angry hoots of an owl at night alternating with cries of rage from the cat, and I always have thought that one or other was trying to steal a mouse which the other had caught. Perhaps Edward Lear saw more of such nocturnal bickerings than I have ever done; perhaps he saw a less selfish side of the affair when Foss and a strange owl were amicably sharing a whole family of mice between them and was so led to describe the connubial relations of the Owl and the Pussycat, both of whom appear in a rather post-prandial frame of mind in his drawings.

DAVID GARNETT.

WOMAN AND SONG

Female Pipings in Eden. By DAME ETHEL SMYTH. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This latest volume from the pen of Dame Ethel Smyth is a miscellaneous collection of essays of varying length, some of which deal with music and others with life in general. The longest and most important of the latter is a study of Mrs. Pankhurst; the title-piece is a lengthy disquisition upon the author's favourite theme—the undeservedly inferior status accorded to women in the world of music, largely as the result of masculine prejudices and jealous resentment of competition. She claims at the outset to "prove that all down the ages every possible facility for pursuing music as a career has been withheld from us" [women], that "as things are to-day it is absolutely impossible in this country for a woman composer to get or to keep her head above water," and that only lack of opportunity of the same kind as that which prevents the emergence of "female Nelsons" has hitherto prevented the appearance of great women composers.

It is perfectly true, of course, that until quite recently women have been debarred from membership of orchestras, with the solitary exception of the harpist, of whom Dame Ethel very wittily remarks that "her colleagues, I think, rather cherish this solitary white-armed presence in their midst much as the men in the Welsh regiment cherish the regimental goat." But so far as composition is concerned I am quite unable to understand how such an intelligent and clear-sighted woman as Dame Ethel can seriously argue that women have always had less opportunities of excelling than men. In the first place it is not historically correct. So far from proving her thesis that "all down the ages every possible facility for pursuing music as a career has been withheld from women," she makes no attempt to do so, ignorant, seemingly, of the fact that for a considerable period, from, say, about 1500 to 1600 at a very conservative estimate, in Italy at least, women enjoyed equal facilities with men. In Ferrara under the Estensi, to mention only one example, we learn not only that "rarissime furon le donne che non cantassero o suonassero," (few were the ladies who neither sang nor played), but also that many of them composed and had their works performed and even published; and this was no exception, but a general rule at this period, yet no woman composer of eminence emerged.

Secondly, I should have thought it self-evident that in modern times in this country women have always had far greater opportunities, far fewer obstacles, put in the way of the acquisition and development of a talent for composition than men have. Musical education of some kind or other has always been the rule for women, for men the exception. While it has always been considered a suitable occupation for ladies, a taste or inclination for music in a male has always had to encounter the ridicule and contempt of the Philistines, for whom such an occupation seems unmanly and effeminate, as well as that of parents on account of unremunerativeness. To take a concrete example: while Dame Ethel herself was already in her 'teens studying music in Leipzig, her contemporary Frederick Delius was compelled, by the unremitting hostility of his parents towards a musical career, to spend his time up to his twenty-fifth year first as a commercial traveller for woollen goods, and then as an orange planter in Florida—and this is not an exceptional case by any means, but rather the general rule. In fact if Dame Ethel were to maintain that the superiority of men in musical composition hitherto was the result of the formidable opposition with which they had to contend, strengthening their talent and character, she would be much nearer the truth. At the same time I think she exaggerates the benefits to be derived from a regular conservatoire training; in this connection it is only necessary to point out that Sir Edward Elgar was entirely self-taught.

I do not question for a moment that female composers encounter formidable and disheartening opposition; I do question, however, whether it is any greater than that which serious male composers encounter. Dame Ethel complains, with perfect justice, no doubt, of the rarity with which her major works are performed; I could point to works of the highest merit by men which are never performed at all.

One can only whole-heartedly agree with her when she declares that "the male and the female brains being differently constructed, an important contribution by a woman ought to be on every field a new contribution, an element necessary to an all-round vision of things human," but in music we wait in vain for the revelation. It is a curious fact, indeed, that all distinctively "feminine" music up to date has been written by men, while the music composed by women is almost invariably of a quite terrifying virility.

The music of Dame Ethel is no exception, but what makes it all the more curious in her case is that when she turns to literature she writes like a woman and certainly makes "a new contribution, necessary to an all-round vision of things human." As a composer, in fact, she seems to me to be a second-rate man; as a writer, a first-rate woman. Her reminiscences of Brahms, the memoir of Henry Brewster—of whose writings I know nothing—are masterly; that of Mrs. Pankhurst is a superb piece of portraiture which, with its blend of devout heroine-worship and sardonic, pussy-cat maliciousness where the model's human weaknesses are concerned, could never have been written by any man. It is, I think, a little masterpiece of biography and social history; in addition she succeeds here in revealing and expressing her own rich personality which she does not succeed in doing in her music. What the explanation of this strange phenomenon can be I do not pretend to know—at least it would take more space to expound it than lies at my disposal in such a short notice as this, which is already too long. I cannot resist quoting, however, in conclusion, the description of the interview which Mrs. Pankhurst had, on the day that the Asquith Government fell, with Lord Northcliffe, "whose behaviour was that of a lunatic, bouncing up and down on the leather seat of his armchair, crying: '*I* did it . . . *I* did it'; and timing the 'I' on the down bounce. Mrs. Pankhurst, much astonished, said something about the worst of the lot, the Foreign Office, being still in the saddle, whereupon he leapt up, patted her on the back, and said: 'Don't you worry, my dear girl, we'll get 'em all out!'"

CECIL GRAY

PLANNING AND FINANCE

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In this volume of collected articles, reports and essays, Professor Gregory attacks the problems arising from the strange conduct of gold in the different countries of the world, its repercussions on indebtedness, credit, trade balances, public revenue and taxation, with an intimacy of knowledge and a sureness of step which recommend him as a master of financial exposition to a bewildered public. On banking theory and policy his personal experience as Member of the Macmillan Committee, and as a consultative expert by American and Australian banks, is put to good use in several informative chapters.

But Professor Gregory is not disposed, like some monetary experts, to overstate the importance of financial troubles. He is alive to the part played by the recent rapid changes in productive methods and in markets as affecting the volume of employment, and endeavours, both in his diagnosis and his remedial proposals, to give just attention to the claims of the different orders of physicians. The proper place of money in the economic system is that of servant to the needs of producers and consumers, not that of master; and Professor Gregory looks in the long run to the development of a reliable international bank in which the national member banks shall co-operate for the required security of prices, credits and investments.

Several of the issues raised in this volume, however, lie outside the strict diocese of finance, and their controversial character will draw the attention of most readers. Two, in particular, I would cite. The first relates to the respective validity of price-raising and cost-cutting as remedies for unemployment. While Professor Gregory would utilise both methods within reason, he evidently relies more upon the latter and believes that in cost-cutting the temporary reduction of wage-rates would contribute considerably to recovery. Cut wages (with other costs) and capital and labour which lie idle because they cannot sell at a profit the goods they could produce will be set to work. Improved production actually will be followed by increased purchases which will help to raise the level of prices. For though the wage-earner may get less, the business man will get more, and this redistribution of purchasing power will fully sustain the market. If it did so, the cut in wages would be compensated by an increase in the number of wage-earners, and with reviving trade wage-rates would rise again. This argument is restated in a later discussion of nationalisation, where the writer rejects Mr. Cole's contention that cost-

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reduction by new economies of production requires a redistribution of income favourable to the worker-consumer. Mr. Gregory appears to hold that it does not matter whether the increased purchasing power generated by rationalisation passes to the worker-consumer, who will spend it on consumptive goods, or to the capitalist, who will try to spend most of it on new productive goods. In this he is surely mistaken.

Not less important is the discussion upon public planning. Here Professor Gregory takes no intransigent position, admitting that outside the elementary social services of hygiene and education there are industries so standardised in character and so fundamental in the needs they satisfy, that State ownership or control may be appropriate. But for the rest he takes his stand upon free private enterprise, first, on the ground—that it alone can "deliver the goods" in the quantities, qualities and directions which satisfy the consumer; secondly, that complete State planning cannot leave freedom to consumers' choice but must decide arbitrarily for them what goods they shall get. A planned society, he holds, "is one based upon the principle of *force*," for any acts inconsistent with the furtherance of the plan must be repressed and punished. Even if the absolute standard of life does not fall, economic progress must be retarded. It is a powerful indictment which the advocates of a planned society ought to meet. Can they show that the bureaucratic dictatorship here assumed, need not occur in a State where improved democratic institutions might secure a real control for the citizen-consumer, and that serviceable innovations will be encouraged and not, as at present, repressed when not immediately profitable? But does Professor Gregory see any way to make the genuine free choice of the consumer the effective governor in the modern economic system?

Mr. Hawtrey in this greatly enlarged edition of a work published two years ago, continues to present the trade cycle as "a purely monetary phenomenon," a depression being a failure of effective demand, and recovery to be attained either nationally or internationally by a public policy of inflation, carried into operation by the governmental purchase of securities. Considering that every economic act is registered in terms of monetary payment, any upset of our system may always be presented as a monetary event. But if the monetary system of the world was conducted rightly, with due regard to stability of price levels and reliability of exchanges, should we avoid the excessive wastes which the trade cycle seems to involve? It is difficult to pin down Mr. Hawtrey to a definite reply. He recognises that important and rapid changes in technique of production and (as standards rise) in the character of demand, will cause considerable temporary displacement and unemployment, and he is alive to the truth that a satiety point might be reached in consumption of goods and services, involving longer leisure among the producing classes. But his absorption in money seems to inhibit his mind from a sufficient recognition of the fact that the changes in modes of production and consumption, and particularly in the proportion of activity accorded respectively to the making of productive and consumptive goods, are themselves the causes of changes in flows of money. In dealing with the credit policy of banks he does not go far enough into the economic events which induce banks to enlarge or diminish their loans, or depositors to invest or to leave their deposits "idle." The violent forced changes in monetary volumes and flows in the present crisis make it unrepresentative of a trade cycle and its depression. Otherwise, it might appear that the pace at which technological improvements have economised the use both of capital and labour has effected so grave a disproportion between profits and wages in normally prosperous times as to force that excess of plant and power which compels banks to restrict credits and savers to withhold investments. Mr. Hawtrey recognises that with every production of goods there is put into the possession of producers the money income wherewith to purchase these. If the purchasers went smoothly forward and without undue delay, there would be no reason either for banks or investors to constrict or withhold their money.

In a very skilful and well-informed argument Dr. Einzig examines the international struggle for devaluation, which has been brought into a clear-conscious phase by the Roosevelt policy, and which he thinks will force the participation both of this country and France. His strictures upon the futile labours of the Monetary and Economic Conference will carry conviction to all honest thinkers. Dr. Einzig restates his remedial policy of inflation as the only way to get rid of the crippling burden of indebtedness from which every great country is suffering and to restore freedom and control to the active agents of production. This policy, at first conducted nationally, can, however, do no more than abate the depression: if a cure is to be achieved organised internationalism must be applied. The atmosphere of heated nationalism renders this remedy impossible at present, but if statesmen are capable of learning the lesson of world economy, they may come to realise what seems now a Utopian dream, viz., a world-currency with the required flexibility to meet the needs of the national constituents. But Dr. Einzig does not deceive himself as to what monetary management and manipulation can achieve. New cyclic crises must arise, and "instead of attacking the symptoms, the responsible statesmen of mankind will have to penetrate to its foundations by organising production and distribution," a "planned economy" if possible, on an "international scale."

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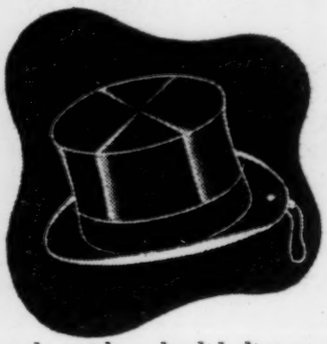
the issues which it involves, nor when contemporary evidence has vanished or been dimmed by the lapse of time. This book makes no pretence to do so. It consists of sketches of a number of incidents, preceded by an outline of the whole career and recommendation by Mr. Wickham Steed, which places them in some sort of perspective, but is in no sense intended for a serious study. The method, dangerous when applied to characters about whom only documentary evidence is available, may be most useful when such a sketch may draw confirmation or denial from surviving witnesses of the incidents themselves, and Mr. Wickham Steed gives us his assurance that in some cases, at least, such direct confirmation is available.

To proceed to the sketches themselves, they are curtly and dramatically but soberly narrated, and their author wisely confines himself to describing only the essential in each case, instead of indulging in the hypothetical embroidery so dear to some other modern German writers. Such embroidery is, of course, calculated "to add verisimilitude," but the authors of it are usually deceived in their calculations.

The incidents, too, are dramatic in themselves, and require no embellishment. The betrayal of Bismarck by the man whom he had employed to betray von Arnim, the blackmailing of von Bülow and of Philip Eulenburg, and the final removal of Holstein by a coincidence beside which the daring of sixpenny novelists appears pedestrian, might have been designed for such presentation. Perhaps the most dramatic of all is the abortive meeting between the young Kaiser and von Holstein, when the former, for some motive which must probably always remain obscure, avoided the expected serious conversation and sent Holstein away furious at the way he had been fobbed off. Had that interview gone differently, and the disciple and betrayer of Bismarck established a direct influence over the ruler of his country instead of having always to work through unreliable and dangerous instruments, the course of the next ten years might have been very different.

This is nothing but a speculation based upon one of the scenes for which there is good authority. Innumerable others arise in the course of the reading. Together the sketches suggest the possibility of two lines of study, corresponding to the two main themes of Holstein's life. One lies in the character of Holstein himself, and would be designed to lay bare in detail the process by which a neurotic lust for power, combined with an equal lust for secrecy, turned a man with the powers and devotion of a statesman into a blackmailer and something near a traitor. The other, directed to the effect on the policy of Germany, would show how the weakness of Holstein's lust for power, however obtained, betrayed Germany into the hands of that other neurotic whom he hated, the Kaiser Wilhelm II. For both we shall have to wait for the publication of evidence which is known to exist. The present volume may serve to whet our appetites.

ALAN M. WELLS



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ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS

All Men Are Brothers (Shui Hu Chuan). Translated from the Chinese by PEARL S. BUCK. *Methuen.* 21s.

That Time goes at different rates—that days, weeks, months, as exact measures are purely conventional and not confirmed by individual experience—has doubtless been a truism for many centuries, is the theme of some modern writers, and has been tacitly expressed a thousand times. But people also seem to go at different rates. There are some who are always trying to catch up, to keep pace; to defeat, at least in part, the limitations of time and space, while others convey a sense of infinite leisure, as though they had several lives before them. These, when not too bovine, make an impression of being extremely civilised. This is the impression made on us by Chinese literature, as though a nation could be largely composed of such individuals; it is this impression which rises like a delicate autumnal smell from the pages of Mr. Waley's *A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems*, without interfering with the other, one might think contradictory, impressions of nostalgia, melancholy and regret. It is as though the obsession with mortality attended those who are out of step with their personal time-rhythm, and as though the Chinese, having a peculiar faculty of going with the stream, of keeping step, avoid that conflict at least.

Even in a work whose persons are mainly with robbers, and fighting men rather than poets and Government officials, this sense of almost infinite leisure makes itself felt. The outlaws who are the heroes of *All Men Are Brothers*, behave as though drinking-parties, conversation and the formal courtesies of present-exchange were quite as important as their profession. When the warrior Shih Chin was forced by complicated circumstances, including his own lack of worldly wisdom, into burning his village and joining the outlaws whom he had befriended, "he seated himself, and Chu Wu and the other two chiefs quickly called to their men to kill horses and cows that all might feast and rejoice together"; and the following sentence runs: "After a year and a few days had passed, Shih Chin thought to himself"—much as we think to ourselves after an hour's visit to an acquaintance, that we had better be getting on. Thus, too, in his preface, the reputed author of the book, the novelist-farmer Shih Nai-an, writes:

> Of all joys nothing brings more joy than friendship, and the most joyful part of friendship is quiet talk together among friends. . . . Yet it has not always been easy for me to gain this companionship. Sometimes the wind blows and it is cold; sometimes rain falls and the road is muddy; sometimes I am ill; sometimes when I go to seek my friends they are away . . . At such times I feel I am in prison.

It is the weather, you note, that interferes with friendship—not the care of his "poor little land," nor the planting of "grain for wine," nor even his writing. His demands of life on its gracious side are immoderate, though mildly expressed:

> When my friends are all come there should be sixteen of us, but there are not many days when all can come. . . . Usually six or seven gather together each day. . . . Conversation is our delight.

To this cultivation of the soul even literary creation is subsidiary:

> When my friends were gone and I sat alone under the lamp, I wrote in idleness. At times when the wind blew and the rains fell and no one came then also did I write.

And then, in a description which all writers will recognise:

> Turning the book over and over in my mind it became at last such a habit to me that it was not necessary even to open my book. . . . For when at times I walked along my garden wall . . . or when I picked up the end of my girdle and twisted it in my fingers, or when I stared unseeing at some object, at such times the stuff of which my book is made came crowding into my mind.

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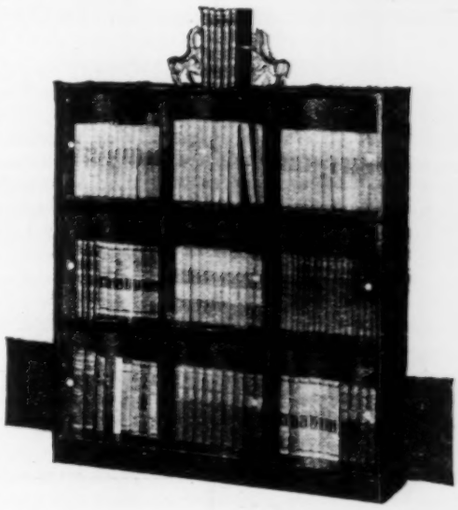

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After the charm and humanity of this preface, it is sad to find the book dull. It deals almost exclusively with adventures, fights and deeds of prowess in which the persons are merely counters, with little individuality. There are, of course, exceptions: hot-blooded Lu Ta, who "wore a fan-shaped beard clean around his jaws," and owed money at every tea and wine-shop, comes momentarily to life. He is but one of dozens of characters concerning whom we have to learn many trivial matters while, slowly and stickily, we approach the central theme. This is furnished by a Robin Hood band of virtuous robbers who live on a mountain, defy the State, prey on the rich and spare the poor. According to Mrs. Buck's introduction, these stories, which were current as tradition and in plays and poems before they became crystallised into novels, have some historical basis in events which occurred in the thirteenth century. The present version—there are three others extant—was written in the fourteenth or fifteenth century; all four have at times been banned by Authority because of their subversive subject-matter.

Mrs. Buck makes a certain amount of pother about the deliberate literalness of her translation; but there is nothing to be said for literalness when it results in false simplicity. Judging by the better passages, the simplicity of the original is genuine, and only injustice can be done to it by the use of self-conscious locutions. Men are said to go "merrily" to work, as though they were participants in a folk-dance Congress; the biblical "Now" is prefixed to many sentences; Shih Chin, a bluff warrior, not an affected person, exclaims "Quickly lead my horse here!" and "two white jade lions" are said to be "used to weigh down paper" instead of being called paper-weights. Instances could be multiplied, but I will only add that the use on several occasions of the word "yell" when "shout" would have been natural, indicates that Mrs. Buck wished to underline the "quaintness," from our point of view, of her material. It is not for its quaintness but for its beauty that we enjoy reading of Shih Chin:

> On his head he wore a white brimmed fur hat, and on the hat was a plume of red horse-hair. Underneath this hat he wore a soft sky-blue cap, tied under his chin with a yellow ribbon. Upon his body was a white silk garment of war, and about his waist was a girdle the width of a man's hand and made of red silk thread.

Except in the case of those who have a special interest in Chinese customs, readers will persist through *All Men Are Brothers* for passages like this. As a novel, the work is of small value. But it contains delicious morsels, strongly reminiscent of Chinese art; as when, climbing a mountain to find a Taoist sage, Commander Hung meets "an acolyte sitting backwards on an ox and blowing on a metal flute and smiling." When it is revealed to Hung that this acolyte was the Heavenly Teacher in disguise, Mrs. Buck causes him to express his regret in the words "I have seen his face *and missed the knowing I did!*" It is difficult to believe that the original was so clumsy. Less literalness and more art would have removed these blemishes from a work of immense labour and admiring love.

E. B. C. JONES

HUMAN, AND ALL-TOO-HUMAN

Prelude to Hitler. By MAJOR B. T. REYNOLDS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Germany: My Country. By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Nietzsche. By GERALD ABRAHAM. *Duckworth.* 2s.

Of these three books, two are written by intellectuals, and one by a relatively simple Army major. The comparison of his modest, perspicacious eye with Mr. Abraham's pert myopia, his amiable good sense, with Herr Sieburg's occult croakings, contributed, possibly, to my forming a better opinion of his book than it deserves. But he knows what he is talking about, humdrum though the other two might think him, and he holds to it. When he looks at a man, he sees one. Herr Sieburg sees a despairing, yet insurgent kobold, and what Mr. Abraham sees, in his final paragraph, is a man "whose importance is seriously diminished by his complete inability to show how his ideas . . . can be carried into effect." Does the author suppose that philosophy, particularly that of the poet who is Nietzsche, can be reduced to the terms of a cookery book? Take a quart of chaos, a dancing star the size of a walnut? . . .

Ten years of Major Reynold's life, from the moment when, in Mesopotamia, he was told of the Armistice by his general, "You don't look very cheerful this morning. Haven't you heard the news? The gaunt spectre of peace is once more stalking through the land, my boy," were spent, with short intervals, in Germany, first, with the Army of Occupation, and second, as a business man. His writing has one serious fault: it should be drastically condensed. The section dealing with the clothes factory is achingly long. Aside from this, the text is often pointed with shrewd anecdotes, and quietly successful elucidations of character in which the writer seems half-astonished at his own sagacity. The gist of his book is to be found in those pages in which he demonstrates that it was the Allied policy after the war which caused the downfall of the Weimar regime, the grave condition of present Europe, and the permanent imminence of the author's re-employment in his professional capacity. It is to his honour that he regards the prospect with sincere distaste.

Herr Sieburg is also sincere. As the fumarole of the Nazi movement, he pleads with a sadly wasted earnestness for his particular Germany, a Germany which he seems to envisage sometimes as a poltergeist, and, at others, as a mass of ectoplasm. The tone of the book may be gauged by the following quotation, in which the proud defiance of the patriot seems mingled with the eerie levity of the spinster, who, half-crazed by nature and ill-treatment, offers herself in her final role as the Sphinx. "A moment ago we were primitive barbarians, now we are vicious degenerates. Yesterday chaotic, to-day pedantic. Warmly enthusiastic in the morning, coldly calculating at night. Now unnatural, now crude. Now slave, now tyrant. Now demon, now philistine. Now coolie, now magician. Now a danger, now a hope. What a nation! What an odious enigma, and what a challenge to human reason!" The self-contradictory spirit that saturates Herr Sieburg's book is crystallised in the preface. "National Socialism has . . . forcibly induced a sort of conformity of thought and spirit. . . . There are to be no more private Germans . . . in more emphatic terms, there are to be no more mere human beings in Germany, only Germans. . . ." A few lines farther though, we find, "It would, however, convey an erroneous idea of the situation if one were to maintain that Germany is subject to the dictatorship of a party." So much for Germany. Yet, when it comes to himself, our author seems less totalitarian. "I should like to express . . . the hope that this book may give rise to discussions, for without discussions life is

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impossible; without discussions, whether between individuals or between nations, there can be neither freedom, nor growth. . . ." Herr Sieburg, in striving to stifle his doubts about Hitlerism, claims that injustices are inevitable when a "Nation" springs to life. To do him justice, he views anti-Semitism, and the atrocities, with disfavour. But he betrays himself again and again. Faced with what is, in fact, no reborn nation, but a resurgence of violence, a reaction against culture, he can do no more than to belabour Reason, and exalt "Dynamism." "Dynamism may be conceived as force pure and simple, unfettered by any aim or purpose." He repeatedly, and specifically, affirms that Germany alone, because of the political attitude of her neighbours, has passed through, and finished with, all humanitarian values, the search for happiness, the desire for wealth, and civilisation itself. He goes so far as to say, "In fact, the outside world will only revise its notion of Germany when it has thrown overboard its own hierarchies of values." Also, and more significantly, "By insisting that *life* is not the supreme good, we repudiate the standards of value of almost all the rest of the world," and "Is not happiness an unheroic state?" One can see the fatal leaven at work. The breath-taking conceit; the masochistic urge. Nevertheless, Herr Sieburg is not always megalomaniac. Towards the end he changes from the barrack-room mystic into the alarmed intellectual, and despite dynamics, he decides that he can only "leave it to the sociologists to take advantage of this unique opportunity to make a scientific study of the collapse of a world. . . ." It might have been better had he made this decision before writing his book.

It is a tribute to the intelligence of Nazi evangelists that they have not dared to drag in Nietzsche. Not even Herr Sieburg. From Mr. Abraham's account, indeed, he would hardly be worth having. Yet there is one insufficiently recognised characteristic of Nietzsche's that insists on breaking through: his affectionate and sensitive nature. He says of Wagner, after the break, "and of what use is it to have been right *against* him!" Again, ". . . it seems so foolish to want to be right at the cost of love." As regards the bulk of the book, Mr. Abraham has gone to some inconsiderable trouble to accumulate his facts, but to order them was beyond his scope. Still more, to build with them. Confronted with the obvious fact, self-evident even in his text, that Nietzsche was in love with his sister, he is unable to see it. This leads him entirely to misinterpret the whole of what is perhaps the most important element in the philosopher's life, and one the intellectual repercussions of which are incalculable. Mr. Abraham fidgets over the oddness of his subject's attitude to Lou-Salomé, for instance, but not once does he glimpse what lies under his nose. Perhaps this is because he will look down it, instead of underneath. Incidentally, "The Birth of Tragedy," the basis, the key to Nietzsche, is grudgingly allowed "importance," but dismissed elsewhere as "windy metaphysics." As one progresses with this opuscule, whatever usefulness it may have quite disappears beneath the author's gathering excitement, expressed by means of the old, the half-hackneyed, half-forgotten accusations, "selfish," "neurotic-romantic," "self-pity," "self-adulation," until he reaches that delicious culmination at which Nietzsche loses his reason. It is then that Mr. Abraham's enjoyment becomes so reckless that both reader and critic should leave him, vindicated, vindictive, and alone.

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POLITICAL THINKERS

English Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century. By CRANE BRINTON. *Benn.* 15*s.*

This book is less a coherent and detailed history than a series of essays, always interesting, and sometimes of real brilliance, on a number of important political thinkers from Bentham to Benjamin Kidd. Professor Brinton knows his material thoroughly, with the result that he sees his problems from first-hand acquaintance and has invariably something fresh and arresting to say. It is a pity, I think, that he wastes some valuable pages on Benjamin Kidd, whose temporary reputation Professor Brinton himself is at a loss to understand; and we could well have spared the account of Herbert Spencer whom to treat with seriousness as a political thinker is unnecessary after the superb exposure of his pretentiousness Professor Barker made twenty years ago. But these minor lapses are amply compensated for by the very shrewd estimate of Coleridge, who is seen to be in the central tradition of English conservatism, of Walter Bagehot, upon whom there is here the best discussion we so far have, and of Charles Kingsley who is dissected remorselessly and yet with humour. The book is brilliantly written; and the student of the Victorian Age will find it an indispensable guide to the grasp of a period which becomes the more complex the more fully its secrets are penetrated.

Professor Brinton would be the first to admit that his book is only a prelude to the much ampler history we require. For the most part he is discussing the representative and the successful, the men who were, in general, prepared to look upon their epoch and decide that, on balance, its work was adequate. The doubts of the later Mill, the pleasant cynicism of Bagehot, the explosive contempt of Carlyle, do not really alter the general outline of his survey. The men whom Professor Brinton has selected for treatment had really made their peace with their age even if, like Coleridge and Kingsley, they had begun by challenging it. I could have wished that in the light of our own problems he had discussed a number of men whose position in this period needs badly a new estimate and a new emphasis. Outstanding among these and, of course, by far the best known, is Matthew Arnold, whom it is now, following the fashion set by Mr. Strachey and Mr. Eliot, our habit to depreciate; yet the Arnold who wrote on equality and education appears to the student of social thought among the men of major insight of his time. There is a reference in Professor Brinton's pages to Bronterre O'Brien; he needs far more careful inquiry, for he has claims to be regarded as the most penetrating Socialist of his day. That is hardly less the case with Bray, one of the ablest of the early Labour thinkers; fairly ample resources for a study of him still await the researcher who is prepared for a month in Leeds. And admirable as are Professor Brinton's eloquent pages on Lord Acton, there is something of importance still to be said of that remarkable man's insight, twenty years before any other Liberal of his influence, into the effect of class-structure in nineteenth-century England on social legislation.

Admirable as is this book, therefore, it states a problem rather than analyses its implications. It brings out well, and with a rich erudition, the essential conservatism of the period; it does not offer us an adequate view of why, by the war, the political thought of Victorianism had largely ceased to seem profound. Nowadays it strikes us as singular that after Bentham and Austin, Sir Henry Maine should have been the only jurist of eminence and that his whole influence should have been exerted against the inevitable

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implications of his period and always upon the wrong grounds. Maitland, who died too early to do more than throw out hints towards the new jurisprudence that was needed, is only now beginning to shape the effective contours of legal thought. No one can fail to admire the moral genius of T. H. Green; but his metaphysic is built upon assumptions which, as in all idealist philosophies, effectively paralyse individual action. Bryce and Morley, Carlyle and Ruskin, read rather wanly now; and the work even of the great economists, like Marshall, seems to miss the significance of what was at stake in the period. None of them really grasped the import of what Bentham called "sinister interest" and, after Mill, no one even saw the institutional import of the problem. It is greatly to be hoped that Professor Brinton, having begun so admirably to state the general outlines of this epoch, will now proceed to explain why it seems, with all its virtues, an epoch of failure and disillusion to ourselves. For if he can discover the secret of that tragedy, he can give us the clue to the source of our own disharmonies.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE EGO AT LARGE

Contemporary Essays, 1933. Edited by SYLVA NORMAN. *Elkins, Mathews and Marrot.* 10s. 6d.

There is a good essay to be written on the decline of the essay, and it ought to be in this annual venture. Matter could be stolen for it from Miss Sylva Norman's agreeable introduction. She is of the brave opinion that there are reasons for wishing a revival in the form; alas, there are good reasons for reviving most things. A revival of the essay—which must remain beautifully undefined and undefinable—reminds us, however, of the good reasons there were for the Tudor revival, and a growth of jerry-built Lambs and Leigh Hunts in the garden suburb of modern English literature is not encouraging.

No, the essay, like liberalism, is dead or dying: and it remains for us to sit by the bedside and take down the last mumbled statements. Like the novel which displaced it, as Miss Sylva Norman points out, with Fielding, the essay was an undisciplined form and is dying of its own liberties and excesses. It had, of course, outside enemies. Journalism docked it, the novel starved it, infinite tolerance abstracted its individuality and substituted attitudinising and idiosyncrasy. Darwin was the beginning of disaster: for once it was decided that our ancestors had had tails the ruminations at large of the immortal ego came to a shy end. An insidious shame of our flesh and blood crept into the essayist's system. Another Hazlitt might ask why distant objects pleased; another Elia, moist-eyed, might remark again, "Perchance, Gentle Reader, thou hast . . ."—but our eyes were elsewhere: the ancestors of Hazlitt and Elia had tails. Our own ancestors had tails, the tail had begun to wag the dog, the dog was eclipsed and the days of the ruminatory ego were done. Now what we wished to hear were more scandalous stories about the human race. A quest for information started and "Que sais-je?" was soon to become baldly, "What do y'know?" The essayist, says Miss Norman, should be reconciled preferably to life and certainly to himself. But who since the triumph of scientific culture had bothered about "reconciliation"? We did not wish to be reconciled but to explain and know. And indeed, we asked, what is the ego that this man or that should exploit it? Look what the discovery of sublimation had done to Lamb; think what psychoanalysis might have done for Hazlitt! As one read the list of the great names, as one tried to force the eyes to read them, there were only two who captured the eye—Bacon and Montaigne; and both had something of that crystalline spirit of scientific inquiry which is our present delight: the first putting samples of our "businesses and bosoms" into test tubes and watching the effect of neat acid intelligence upon them; the second, collecting the scientific scandal of the time and endearing himself to us rather more because of the stone than on account of his doubts.

Leaving Miss Norman and turning to her talented revivalists, one is in the awkward position of having been entertained and stimulated, and of having, nevertheless, to confess that one could not stand a complete book of "essays" from any of them. The collected volume—that, for the essay, is a crucial test. Their insufficiency is not necessarily their fault: the times, as I have indicated, are out of joint. I would except, perhaps, Mr. Adrian Bell from the general criticism. His portrait of a Victorian squire has a certain verbal austerity, a pleasing freedom from brilliance, an arm's length perspective. It is true that he does not muse, but the art of musing went out when the monkeys came in. Miss Kate O'Brien, also writing of the country (but of week-end country), is not as good, but she is pleasantly grave at her best. Her natural neighbour is Mr. Tangye Lean who tries turning the question—town, suburb or country for the creative artist?—into a dramatic spectacle in the present tense. There is an air of high-class advertising copy and "This means you," about his essay; and his conclusions are better than his theatre. I do not think the essay should declaim, for it should be an interior music of the mind.

Mr. Laver is brilliant as he glides from the Age of Space to the Age of Time in fine circling generalisations, and here, one feels, is a man who has the essayist's temper. Alas, owing to an inability to distinguish between humour and facetiousness, and being fatally deficient in a sense of sin, Mr. Laver is guilty of mixing erudition with naughtiness. And naughtiness, especially naughtiness about the cosmos, is a bore. Mr. Goodman startles at the end of a paper on D. H. Lawrence with a footnote to the effect that he has read Lawrence since writing the essay and has changed his mind. That is too conscientious: humbug is the essence of the essayist's temperament. He should have shown us himself changing his mind, protesting all the time that he was not. Mr. Graham Greene is interesting on religion in Henry James, and I will read every volume of literary criticism that he cares to publish with the keenest pleasure; but is his paper an essay? I think not. But what is an essay? More important, what will it be like if it rises from the dead? In this book it has perforce abandoned the once vital ego-at-large; but what will it bring back in place of this from the world of spooks? Can it make its peace with the tails of our ancestors?

V. S. PRITCHETT

SHORTER NOTICES

Christmas Cards

Instead of the usual snow and holly, it is a pleasure to find cards which the recipient will not want to throw away next day. Many people have discovered the National Gallery prints, and are beginning to discover the prints issued by the British Museum. This year the Museum has a new series of six miniatures (post-card size) taken from a thirteenth-century psalter and depicting scenes in the life of Christ; and a number of facsimiles, in folders, of English and French illuminations of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They are singularly

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Everybody's Lamb is an "omnibus" book, with none of the disadvantages. It is a book and not a compilation. The selection from Lamb's essays, letters and miscellaneous prose has been made with discrimination; Mr. Shepard's drawings add a pleasant decoration to the text; and printing, binding and paging are uniformly excellent. *The Works of Oscar Wilde*—despite its twelve hundred odd pages—is also well produced: the feat of getting everything (stories, plays, essays and poems) into one volume has been accomplished with remarkably little discomfort for the reader. At five shillings the book is really cheap. We cannot say the same for the other two omnibuses published by Messrs. Collins. Each contains over 1,200 pages. In the first, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Jane Eyre* and *Cranford* appear one after another in different sized types; and pages 328 to 330 are disgracefully printed, with "rivers" a fifth of an inch wide running all over the page, which would shock even the reader of an evening newspaper. The printing of the adventure omnibus is uniform though poor by any modern standard. It is a great pity that a publisher capable of producing books as good as the *Wilde* should exploit the "cheapness," in all senses, of omnibus volumes which are little more than a bulk of shoddy printing. The standards of printing and of book production of all kinds have improved so much in recent years that this sort of regression is both surprising and deplorable.

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About Motoring

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Nevertheless, the motor bicycle confers great and unrealised blessings on this nation. Once upon a time all travel required virility. To-day the most timid old woman can face a long journey by train, secure in the knowledge that the worst which can befall her is the loss of her ticket. Despite the road casualty list, a long motor drive in a modern saloon car is hardly more exacting for the passengers than an armchair by the drawing-room fire. But a powerful motor cycle is intrinsically unstable, doubly so on wet roads; it is far less easy to drive than a car; its driver is completely exposed to the weather, and indifferently insulated from road shocks. It is, apart from flying, almost the only virile form of travel overland which survives. Hence it forms a safety valve for adventurous youth, and distracts him from blowing off his superfluous steam in fashions far less pleasant to the community and far more disastrous to himself. Incidentally, it furthers his education by compelling him to bear hardship as advised by St. Paul, in coaxing him to study science, and in training just those mental qualities which are apt to evaporate when forests disappear off a continent, and sound the knell of bandits and wild beasts. If powerful motor bicycles capable of 80 m.p.h. were given to a hundred young Britons of any social class, a tiny percentage of them would undoubtedly figure as in-patients before very long, (a fate which the same percentage would not escape if presented with hunters, or pedal cycles, or baby cars); but the main bulk would rapidly become more intelligent, self-dependent, and healthy. In such philosophical reflections it is wise to remember that a great many impecunious people cannot dispense with cheap private transport, and that much motor cycling is essentially utilitarian.

The motor cycle industry is quite one of the most efficient in the country; indeed, it is almost the only British industry which has established a genuine international supremacy, and is universally plagiarised in other manufacturing countries. It reaps little reward for its herculean efforts, since its export trade is crippled by

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The Salvation Army

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LIBERAL MAGAZINE

Edited by HAROLD STOREY

DECEMBER NUMBER

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The Quarterly Journal of the ROYAL ECONOMIC SOCIETY

DECEMBER 1933.

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present conditions, and the home market has suffered intensely from the depression, since its natural clients suffer more in pocket than older men. To-day few artisans are sufficiently prosperous to afford hobbies of any cost; few clerks can rely on continued employment; and few parents in the wealthier classes can give their sons any expensive presents.

The tendencies at the 1933 Olympia Show are healthy, as far as they go. No Show was held last year, because the market was too dead. In 1931 a thoroughly bad Show evinced an attempt to coax a little cash out of the public by selling machines which had been cheapened more than was wise; and there was an almost complete absence of enterprise, innovation, and experiment. This year prices reflect the tepid optimism of the times, and are hardening a little. The technical quality is far higher than in 1931; the general average of workmanship and inspection is decidedly better, and specifications are rather more liberal. It is especially heartening to see that a few factories are not only using their wits, but are adventuring capital in the attempt to expand markets. One of the exhibits must rank as the most original and revolutionary motor cycle ever built; moreover, it is completely innocent of any experimental components, and the whole of its mechanism has been thoroughly tested out in other fields. The industry as a whole urgently requires either fresh brains, or a greater freedom for such brains as it already contains. If one firm succeeds after a radical breach with old conventions, the ingenuity (and capital) of the whole industry may become more fluid.

The trade has succeeded in solving one of its ancient problems. For many years motor cycles were unfit for nightwork, but the electric lighting installations originally introduced for motor cars have at last been perfected in miniature editions for use with light two-wheelers. Less success is evident in tackling another bogy, that of engine-starting. The modern four-cylinder motor cycle can be started by a child; but some of the more powerful single-cylinders can be very coy starters in the hands of an athlete, and it is not possible to fit heavy starting motors, or the powerful batteries which would be needed to operate such a motor. When this problem is solved, the industry will enlarge its borders quite perceptibly.

R. E. DAVIDSON

A SHADE BYRONIC
by
John North

HAROLD NICOLSON in *The Daily Telegraph*.—"Mr. North has written a fantasy about Byron which is not unlike what a fantasy about Byron ought to be."

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Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 50

[Reproduced, by kind permission of "Noncenseo," from *Odds and Ends*, the King's College, London, Magazine.]

THE RAINBOW ELECTION

The Senior Woman Student has just told me of the extraordinary situation which arose in connection with the election of her successor, an election which will surely become known as "The Rainbow Election." There were seven candidates, but it was impossible to decide between them as none obtained the requisite proportion of votes. They were accordingly asked to decide amongst themselves who should have the honour, and it was arranged that each should have seven votes which she could give to the others as she chose. Actually no two of the candidates distributed their votes in exactly the same way, and each left at least one name in addition to her own out of the voting list. Each failed to receive votes from two, and two only, of the others.

Miss O'Nowall gave three votes to Miss Rooge and three to Miss Yarner, and thought Miss Beamer better than Miss Initt. Miss Yarner gave four votes to Miss O'Nowall but only two to Miss Rooge, and of the others placed Miss Vann-Itty lower than Miss Beamer. Miss Grynsom gave Miss O'Nowall, Miss Initt and Miss Yarner the same number of votes. Miss Beamer thought Miss Grynsom the most suitable candidate and gave her four votes; she was lukewarm about Miss O'Nowall and gave her only one vote. Miss Vann-Itty gave Miss Rooge and Miss Initt the same number of votes, and placed Miss Beamer higher than Miss O'Nowall.

The Senior Woman Student pointed out the curious fact that the initials of the names of the candidates were the same as the initials of the colours of the rainbow, and that by an extraordinary coincidence the final order of the candidates was the same, name for colour, as the order of the colours of the rainbow.

HOW DID EACH CANDIDATE DISTRIBUTE HER VOTES AMONGST HER RIVALS?

PROBLEM 48.—THE THREE GOLFERS

Smith went round in 76 and Robinson in 77.

At the completion of the 12th hole, Robinson was 2 up on Smith, having won 7 holes and lost 5. Jones and Smith were all square, having won 5 holes each and halved two.

Of the first 12 holes, Robinson halved 5 with Jones; Smith, at each of these holes, losing to both of them. Of the other 7 of these first 12 holes, Smith won at 5 from both Robinson and Jones and at the other two lost to Jones and halved with Robinson.

The full solution of this very fine problem (Mr. Shovelton is the composer), will appear in *Caliban's Problem Book*, to be published by De La Rue, at 6*s*. The book will be on sale in a week or so.

PROBLEM 47.—NOGGS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: T. J. Mason, 96 Standard Road, Hounslow.

There were ninety-four correct solutions.

Six points are awarded.

PLAYTIME DINNER

The dinner will be held at the Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2, on Thursday, January 11th, at 7.30 for 8. Morning dress. All readers of this column, and as many friends as they care to bring, will be welcome at the dinner. Parlour games, to follow the dinner, are being arranged by the Committee.

Applications for tickets (5*s*. per person, exclusive of wines), should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., Mr. S. T. Shovelton, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Mr. Shovelton will be glad if those wishing to attend will apply as early as possible, and in any case, not later than January 4th.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution, selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisted of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have secured a prize on this cumulative point basis become eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and must reach this office not later than the Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE FRANC—LATEST EXCHANGE MANIPULATION—ARGENTINE RAILWAYS AND THE PESO—TATE AND LYLE

"AMERICA," writes M. Frederic Jenny, the financial editor of *Le Temps* in a contribution to *Lloyd's Bank Review*, "is a young country and will survive." This is very encouraging for Mr. Roosevelt and his "Brain Trust" who may be getting worried, but many Americans will be asking whether France will survive if the dollar is forcibly devalued to 50 cents gold. M. Jenny admits that it may be necessary for France to combat such an outbreak of "exchange" dumping by special tariff measures against American goods but scoffs at the idea of France being forced off the gold standard or pushed into a currency depreciation race. Since October 20th the Bank of France has lost about £47 millions worth of gold (at the current rate of exchange) and as the total amount of foreign floating capital in France was recently estimated at ten milliards of francs it is clear that a still greater amount of gold may yet be withdrawn. But M. Jenny does not regard the return flight of foreign capital as constituting any threat to the franc. The Bank of France last week had a gold reserve of 79 milliards of francs representing nearly 80 per cent. of its sight engagements (bank notes and credits combined). We would therefore agree with M. Jenny that there is no immediate cause to be alarmed about the franc—especially as our Exchange Equalisation Fund seems determined to prevent the franc slipping over 85—but the French people act upon incalculable impulses and if there is not a strong Government formed before long, the petty capitalist may start to hoard gold. This would be a much more serious question than the withdrawals of foreign capital. The budget deficit has so far caused little public excitement. As the number of registered owners of touring motor cars exceeds the number of income tax payers in most French departments, the problem of a budget deficit is a chronic one and is hardly front-page news. But even a budget deficit may yet be taken seriously in France—for gold hoarding purposes.

* * *

The Argentine Government has shown that ingenuity in manipulating exchange depreciation to the benefit of an export trade is not yet exhausted. We have already commented on the German Government's clumsy and discreditable arrangement for financing "additional exports" by discounting at 50 per cent. the "scrip" which is payable to British and other "depreciated currency" holders of German long-term loans (excluding the 7 per cent. Dawes and 5½ per cent. Young loans) up to 50 per cent. of their coupons. The Argentine Government has kept faith with its bondholders but has set up a Grain Control Board to buy wheat, maize and linseed from its farmers at peso prices which to begin with are an advance of from 12 per cent. to 30 per cent. over world prices. To enable the Grain Control Board to sell its products in the export markets, it has instructed the Exchange Commission to reduce its foreign currency price for pesos! Thus the Argentine Government has skilfully avoided both the awkwardness of the American scheme for exchange depreciation, which involves the purchase of unwanted gold—it is far better to buy foodstuffs than gold—and the crudity of the German scheme for financing additional exports, which envolves a partial default on the long-term external debt. The next logical step for Argentina is to follow Low's advice to President Roosevelt and to print currency notes which are edible. As a result of this subtle arrangement for developing export trade, the Argentine peso fell from 42⅜d. to 35½d. (official) in one swoop. The almost certain result will be to force default upon the British-owned Argentine railway companies, which will have to bid higher peso prices to obtain the foreign exchange required for the service of their prior changes. Some one always pays for an export bounty, and if it can be arranged that foreign interests do the paying, what could be better for Argentina?

* * *

An exchange rate of 35½d. would envolve the British-owned Argentine railways in very serious losses. In 1931–32 the peso exchange averaged 36d. and in 1932–33 41d. In these years the following exchange losses were made:

TOTAL EXCHANGE LOSSES.

	B.A. Gt. Southern.	B.A. Western.	Central Argentine.	B.A. and Pacific.
1932–33 ..	£513,890	£143,103	£365,480	£162,524*
1931–32 ..	£1,159,177	£291,583	£1,013,875	£476,500

* After adjustments for earlier years.

Exchange losses in the current year may, of course, be offset to some extent by an increase in traffics if the depreciation of the exchange increases the volume of exports. On the other hand, the volume of imports will be reduced. It should also be borne in mind that there was a substantial decline in the tonnage of goods and livestock carried last year as compared with 1931–32 on all the four railways except the B.A. Great Southern. On the assumption that the exchange losses in 1933–34 will be about the same as in 1931–32 and that there will be only a moderate increase in traffics, the *Financial News* arrives at the following startling results:—The B.A. Great Southern will be short of their full preference dividend requirements, the Central Argentine will not earn even its full debenture and note interest, and the B.A. Pacific will fail to earn even its first debenture stock interest. Estimates of this gloomy character have no doubt been responsible for the sharp fall in the market quotation of these Argentine railway stocks.

	Debenture Stocks.				Preference Stocks.*			
		Prices 1933.		Yield		Prices 1933.		Yield
	%.	High.	Present.	%.	%.	High.	Present.	%.
B.A. Gt. Southern	4	83½	73xd	5.49	5	85½	61	8.20
	5½	106	100xd	5.50	6	88	70	8.57
B.A. Western ..	4	82½	68½	5.84	5	84	65	7.69
					4½	74½	56	8.04
B.A. Pacific ..	4	75	65	6.15	6	33	12	nil
Central Argentine	4	76¾	59	6.78	4½	49	33	†

* Preference stocks are non-cumulative. † Declared, but not paid.

Quite apart from the short-term outlook we have always maintained that the long-term outlook for the British-owned Argentine railways is unfavourable. Argentina is not likely to legislate in the future in the interest of bondholders and shareholders of their foreign-owned railways.

* * *

Tate and Lyle ordinary shares were recommended by Toreador in this column on November 26th, 1932, at 58*s*. 6*d*. They are now quoted at 77*s*. 9*d* cum final dividend of 13 per cent. to yield £4 9*s*. 9*d*. per cent. on the basis of the year's distribution of 17 per cent. Holders may be debating whether or no they should sell. Subject to any disturbing remarks which Sir E. Tate may make at the general meeting this week, we think they should hold. In the first place, it is evident that the profit and loss account for the year to September 30th last gave a very conservative view of the company's earnings. The statistical services have been misled by a charge of £250,000 for depreciation of plant and machinery. This is a special revenue allocation to provide for a scheme of reconstruction of the refineries. Normal depreciation, as we understand it, has been allowed for in the item "result of the year's working." Disregarding the £250,000 allocation, the company, on paper, earned 25.7 per cent. last year to cover dividends of 17 per cent. (16 per cent. was paid in 1931–32). In the second place, some definite agreement has been arrived at between the company and the beet-sugar producers and refiners for the purpose of eliminating uneconomic competition and price cutting. As long ago as February, Mr. G. V. Tate, the vice-chairman, declared that there would now be "co-operation with competitive interests." As Tate and Lyle were making the competition by undercutting refined beet sugar wherever necessary at uneconomic prices, the savings must be considerable. Thirdly, the spot price of sugar (Cuban) in the American market was 1.10 cents per lb. on September 30th, 1932, and 3.53 cents in September, 1933. Therefore, the obvious inference to be drawn from the decline in the balance-sheet item of "stock of sugar and stores" from £1,797,000 to £1,198,000 is that the company has increased its turnover. In the light of these deductions, it is difficult to believe that the Company made less profit last year than in 1931–32.

	Years to September 30th.		
	1931. £	1932. £	1933. £
Total profit	999,954	1,082,752	1,032,334
Earned for dividend less directors' fees and deb. int.	901,482	983,780	933,361
Gross preference dividend	71,500	71,500	71,500
Ordinary shares—Earned % ..	27.1	29.5	25.7
Ordinary shares—Paid %	13.5	16	17
Depreciation reserve	100,000	100,000	250,000
Investment, general and div. reserves	250,000	265,000	50,000
Carry forward	61,832	65,112	48,973

Pursuing our statistical calculations, we find that at a price of 77*s*. 9*d*., the market is valuing the "goodwill" of Tate and Lyle ordinary shares on a nine years' purchase basis—a most reasonable figure for a first-class business.

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The number of objects which can claim our sympathy and help was never more than it is to-day, which is only another way of saying that anybody who can give to-day must not put it off till to-morrow. Between now and Christmas this paper will contain a series of notes and appeals of various organisations which deserve our readers' consideration.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION

Up to the middle of November, 327 lives had been saved in 1933 and forty-two vessels saved or helped to safety by the lifeboats of Great Britain and Ireland. The institution provides and maintains 120 motor lifeboats and fifty-six others at a cost equivalent to about 1½*d.* per head of the population. Since its foundation in 1824 it has saved 63,480 lives, or about eleven per week. This work has been greatly assisted by the provision of the new motor lifeboats, which now go to the coast at an average rate of eight a year, each one costing from £3,500 to £9,000. Unfortunately, however, there are some stations where a flat foreshore makes the launching of such a heavy boat impossible, and the institution is therefore experimenting with a new type of boat, which will be only 3½ft. shorter than the present type, but about half the weight. If this is successful it will be possible to replace still more of the fifty-six rowing or sailing types by the new ones, as well as to open new stations in places which have hitherto been difficult. The institution refuses to benefit by the proceeds of lotteries or gambling schemes, and is therefore dependent entirely upon direct contributions.

THE SALVATION ARMY

The Salvation Army, it is said, helps people that can be reached by no other body, and in the last year or two it has had specially heavy work to do in the relief of destitution, which accounts for £35,900 out of its budget of £80,000 for Great Britain and Ireland. The total includes the maintenance of 156 homes and institutions of all kinds. It is a tribute to the efficiency with which the work is carried out that the total for general management and supervision is only £2,000. Their work, moreover, is linked up with similar work all over the world, and that they have a useful part to play even in the ordinary work of the crisis is proved by the figure of situations found by their organisations for applicants in all countries, numbering 286,082. In addition 340,839 men found shelter and employment through their system of labour colonies, and many others were assisted to emigrate. It is typical of the way in which the Salvation Army selects the most unlikely places for its operations that a new settlement should just have been founded in French Guiana for the ex-convicts from "Devil's Island." Twenty-five of them are already at work there, and it is hoped that the inhabitants will soon number at least one hundred. The Christmas meals arranged by the Army will cost over £14,000 in Great Britain alone.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

The proud motto of Dr. Barnardo's Homes is: "No destitute child is ever refused admission." The result is a family of 8,500. Since the beginning of the work in 1866, 114,102 children have been received. Now 1,500 pass out every year, and last year 1,735 were admitted. Over 30,000 Barnardo children have emigrated to the Dominions, and 98 per cent. of them have made good. Those who require further particulars of the work can obtain them in the book *The Open Door*, but to most of us the homes have been the familiar and favoured objects of sympathy since childhood. How far gifts are made to go is shown by the fact that one child can be fed for a fortnight on ten shillings. At Christmas there is a special demand for money, because of the extra festivities.

Little citizens of to-morrow! Members of the great family of 8,507 Barnardo children.

their Christmas Bells

THE Christmas aim of the Church Army is to provide warmth and good cheer for those in genuine need.

There will be sadness and suffering enough in the homes of the very poor; the question is whether we can pull together to make the number of sufferers as small as possible.

WHAT ARE THE PROMPTINGS OF YOUR HEART?

Will you not show sympathy with these very poor families? Your gift to help one or more will be gratefully received by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

£5 will provide parcels of good fare for TEN POOR FAMILIES. **10/-** will pay for ONE such parcel.

CHURCH ARMY

"THE MOST DESPERATE of HUMAN CALAMITIES." *Dr. Johnson.*

The Deaf experience

UTTER LONELINESS

in a way the hearing never realise.

THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE

DEAF & DUMB

Appeals for your AID.

It is ministering to over 6,000 Deaf and Dumb in London, Middlesex, Surrey and Essex. The cost of maintaining its Institutions and Workers has greatly increased, whilst the demand for more workers is insistent.

Offices: 413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Where Help is Needed

AN ACCOUNTANT AND EXECUTOR WRITES:

"Mrs. A. expressed a desire that under her Will some Charity of the nature of your own should benefit. I made enquiries in different quarters and had from you a copy of your Annual Report and Accounts. As a result I advised Mrs. A. to select your Association as one suitable for her benevolence."

THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS' AID ASSOCIATION

75, BROOK GREEN, LONDON, W.6

appeals for legacies, subscriptions and donations

SIR SELWYN FREMANTLE, C.S.I., C.I.E., *Chairman.*
J. HERBERT TWAMLEY, J.P., *Hon. Treasurer.*
C. M. FINN, *Secretary.*

The 36th Annual Report sent on request.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. The Tudor Wench. Wed., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Ball at the Savoy. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat.
The Rose Without a Thorn.

GLOBE. "Proscenium." Tues. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Give Me a Ring. W. & S.

PALACE. Gay Divorce. Wed. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Sleeping Clergyman. M.W.S.

PLAYHOUSE. The World of Light. W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S.MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M.Tu.F.

WESTMINSTER. DAILY.
Alice & Thomas & Jane.

WINTER GARDEN. On the Rocks. W. S. 2.15.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525). Evgs. 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BEATRIX LEHMANN in
THE TUDOR WENCH.
10s. 6d. to 1s. 3d. (incl. tax). LAST NIGHT DEC. 16.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Mon., Dec. 11, for one week. Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
WUTHERING HEIGHTS.
A NEW PLAY from the novel by EMILY BRONTE.
By Mary Pakington & Olive Walter.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BALL AT THE SAVOY.
An Operetta.
Oskar Denes, Natalie Hall, Rosy Barsony

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) EDMUND GWENN in
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S New Comedy,
LABURNUM GROVE.
8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Xmas Mats., Tu., W., Th., S., 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Evgs., 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30. People's National Theatre.
THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

GLOBE. 8.30. Tu. Sat., 2.30. Extra Mat. Dec. 28.
FAY COMPTON. IVOR NOVELLO.
ZENA DARE. JOAN BARRY.
"PROSCENIUM."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. W. & S., 2.30.
GIVE ME A RING.
A Comedy Play with Music.
Binnie Hale, Flanagan and Allen, Huntley Wright,
Gina Malo, John Mills, John Garrick.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., 2.30.
FRED ASTAIRE in **GAY DIVORCE.**
With CLAIRE LUCE and OLIVE BLAKENEY.

PICCADILLY. 8.30. 3 Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat. 2.30.
Extra Mats. Dec. 26th and 28th at 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.
ERNEST THESIGER.
DORICE FORDRED. ROBERT DONAT.

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774. 3 WEEKS ONLY.
Evgs., at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
ALDOUS HUXLEY'S notable comedy,
THE WORLD OF LIGHT.
"Absorbing, rich, pointful, superior."—*The Nation.*
CATHLEEN NESBITT. AUBREY MATHER.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443. Evgs., 8.30.
Mats., Mon., Tues., Fri. & Wed., Dec. 27, 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
By MERTON HODGE.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283). 2/5 to 10/6.
Commencing WED. Dec. 20, and Daily 2.30.
Evgs., Boxing Day, subs. Thurs. & Sat. at 8.
ALICE & THOMAS & JANE.

WINTER GARDEN. (Hol. 8881). 6d. to 5/-.
Evgs., 8. Wed., Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.15.
ON THE ROCKS.
A New Play by BERNARD SHAW.

PICTURE THEATRES

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
12 Noon. (Sundays 6 & 8.30.)
ONE MAN'S JOURNEY,
with LIONEL BARRYMORE. Also
FLYING CIRCUS, with BRUCE CABOT from *King Kong.*

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
JEAN HARLOW LEE TRACY
in **BLONDE BOMBSHELL.**
Also *SMITHY*—EDMUND GWENN, EVE GRAY.

RESTAURANT

TAKE HER SOMEWHERE UNUSUAL for Lunch, Dinner or Late Supper—RULES, of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780. Delicious food at moderate prices. Licensed till midnight.

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CONCERTS

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THE BACH CHOIR
TUESDAY, DEC. 19 at 8.15.
THE HYMN OF JESUS ..... HOLST
SONGS OF FAREWELL ..... DELIUS
PIANO CONCERTO, D MINOR ..... BACH
HAROLD SAMUEL
FULL ORCHESTRA—CONDUCTOR
REGINALD JACQUES
Steinway Piano. 9s., 6s., 3s. 6d., 2s. Hall & Agents.
IBBS & TILLETT, 124 Wigmore Street, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, December 10th, at 11 a.m. C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A., D.Lit.: Unused Abilities. 6.30, Concert. Chamber Music.
Tuesday, December 12th, at 7 p.m. DR. PRYNS HOPKINS: Hate as a Religious Sentiment.
Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

TWEEDS AND WOOLLENS

"JOHN PEEL" Cumberland Tweeds. Ideal for Gent.'s sports wear. Pattern free. Full suit length, 35s. 6d. REDMAYNE, 18, Wigton, Cumberland.

PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, direct from the Shetlands. All kinds of Woollies, hand-knitted for you by expert native knitters, from lovely real Shetland wool. Nothing else so soft, so light, so comfortable. The newest, most fashionable styles, plain, or in famous "Fair-Isle" patterns. At Shetland prices, far less than shop prices. Write for Free Illus'd. Booklet, and Wool Colour Card. WM. D. JOHNSON, S.T. 167 Mid-Yell. Shetlands.

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SMALL fur. study-bedroom, use kit. 14s. Meals and service as reqd. 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3. Prim. 1043.

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A CHILDREN'S TALKIE MATINEE
Palace Theatre, Thurs. Dec. 21st, 2.45 p.m.

The programme will consist entirely of Talkie Films selected specially for Children.

MICKEY MOUSE, SILLY SYMPHONIES, LAUREL & HARDY and a 'WILD WEST' picture packed with thrills. Also a Christmas Tree.

Prices £1 to 1/6.

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THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND, 17, Buckingham Street, Strand, from whom tickets may be obtained; or at Theatre or Agencies.

REMEMBER ***Every 20/- spent sends a poor child to the country for a fortnight.***

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